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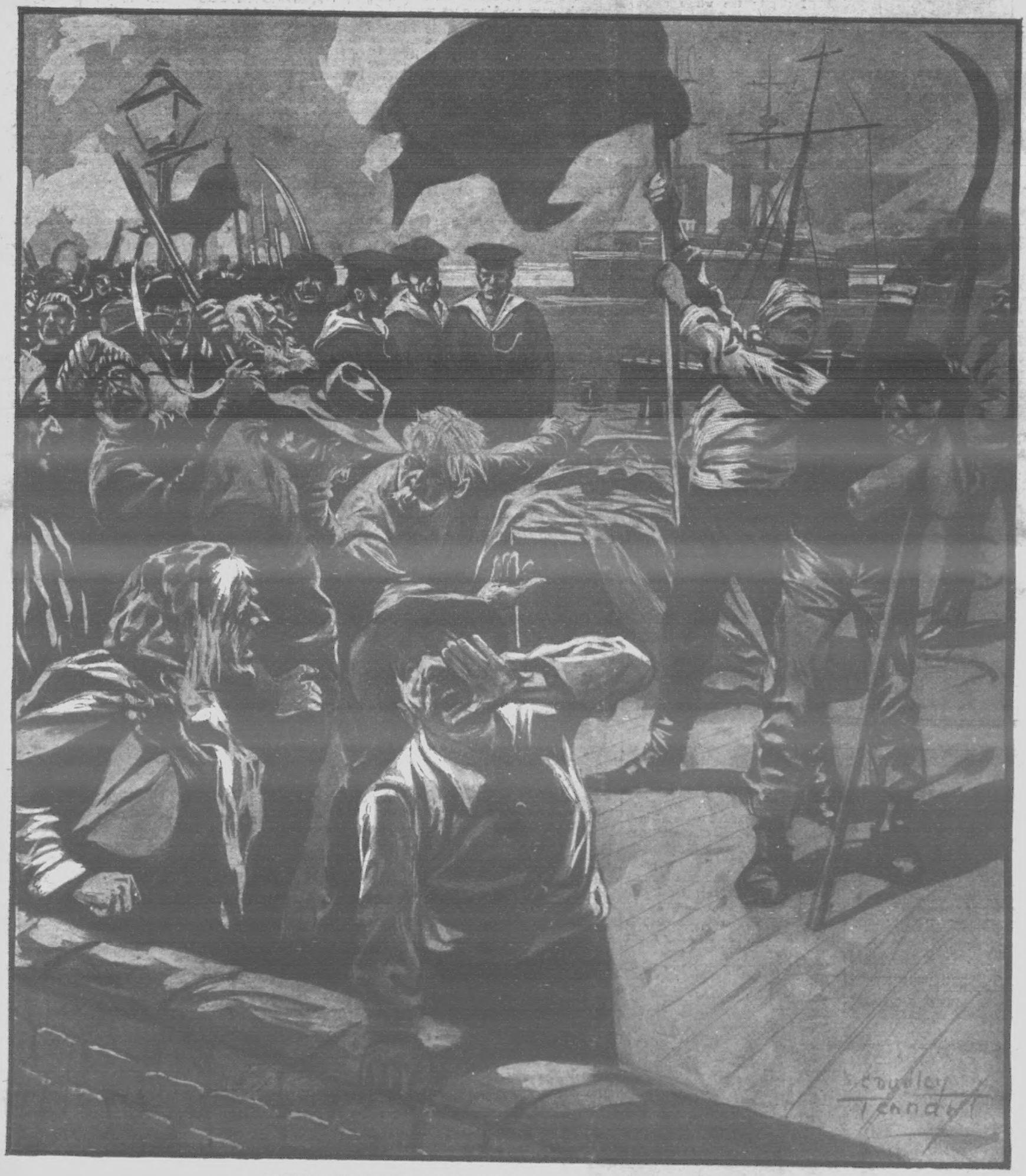
The Russian Revolution. Special Pictures and Articles Inside.



THE CAUSE OF THE NAVAL REVOLT.

At the end of last week an armed pinnace left the Kniaz Potemkin, and laid on the quay an open coffin containing the body of a seaman with a paper pinned to his breast. This paper stated that the man's name was Omelchuk, and that he had been shot dead by the chief officer for complaining of the quality of the soup. It went on to declare, in the names of the entire crew, that Omelchuk had been murdered for telling the truth, and that they had avenged his death by killing all the officers. Great crowds flocked to the pier, raised their hats to the dead, and burst into loud cries against the Tsar and the Government. The battleship hoisted a red flag, trained guns on the shore, and signalled that the body would be brought back for burial at sea, with full naval honours, at sundown; also that in the event of the slightest interference by the authorities the mutineers would bombard the city.

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HINDE'S
Circumstances alter cases,
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.
real hair savers. WAVERS

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES
It is impossible to take too much care of one's eyes, and those who value their eyesight will do well to send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for a little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight," which tells the story of a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelashes, and eyelids. SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT has proved its virtues during 300 years, and it may be obtained of all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each.
FWS

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

The Russian revolution spreads apace. Last week the entire Russian Navy, besides the inhabitants of nearly every big city in the country, seemed to have broken out into open revolt. The first act was sudden and dramatic. A sailor on board a man-of-war, the *Kniaz Potemkin*, complained to an officer of the soup he had had for dinner. The officer shot him dead. Instantly the whole ship's company rose in arms, and every officer on the vessel was murdered or taken prisoner. They then trained their guns on the city of Odessa and terrorised the officials. Scenes of fearful carnage quickly followed. Of the 100,000 unemployed and disaffected persons in Odessa, 12,000 formed themselves into an army of incendiaries, who, with blazing torches soaked in petroleum, fired the offices and warehouses of three great Russian transport companies and burnt nine ships. This army of rioters was encountered by the military, and 1,000 of them were slain by machine guns. The rioters tried to add to their numbers by blowing up the penitentiary and releasing 2,000 prisoners, but the attempt was discovered in time. Once the murderous battle had commenced, the Cossacks, infantry, and machine-guns all fired at sight. The wounded only escaped by lying prone and in agony throughout the infernal night, scores of them being subsequently burned to death by the rapidly-spreading flames. Whenever and wherever wounded persons—men or women—rose to their feet or tried to crawl away from the enveloping fire he or she was ruthlessly shot down again. About a hundred men and twenty women, after pillaging the shipping stores, began a drunken orgie on the spirits, wine, and champagne which they had seized. As they lay about sleeping on a coal-heap they were riddled to death in cold blood by the military with two machine-guns. The most dastardly part of the butchery was the closing scenes at day-dawn. The crowd of terrified people who had been hiding and were all innocent fled up the steeply-inclined thoroughfare leading from the harbour to the city. Within the porches of the bridge at the head of the street, and immediately under the Civil Governor's Palace and the Governor's eyes, machine-guns were suddenly emplaced and literally mowed down the advancing crowd of 200 people. As we go to press it appears as if the whole of the Russian Navy are practically in a state of mutiny, Admiral Kruger's men having refused to fire upon their comrades on the *Kniaz Potemkin*. The *Berliner Zeitung* states that Count Ignatieff, whom the Tsar has despatched as imperial envoy to Odessa, is entrusted with absolute power, being authorised to hang, shoot, exile, or imprison without trial or other formalities. Count Ignatieff, an ultra-reactionist, is a prominent advocate of the "blood and iron" method of counteracting political discontent. He has gone to Odessa on the nomination of General Trepoff. According to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, open revolution has broken out at Nikolaieff, Sebastopol, and Batoum. All ships bound to these ports are anchored in the Bosphorus.

From a special snapshot.

THE KING ON MONKEY ISLAND LAST WEEK.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Mr. Chamberlain addressing the Canadian delegates at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham.

Sacrifice for Religious Beliefs.

A friend left Mrs. Lucinda Ganson, of Davenport, Iowa, £6,000 on the condition that she gave up her religious beliefs and accepted those of another church. She has renounced the money.

Murdered on Parade.

While disciplinary battalions were being exercised on the parade ground at Kherson a number of the soldiers attacked Captain Gorgorodsky with bayonets, and slightly wounded him. Colonel Davydoff, battalion commander, drew his sword, and rushed to the rescue. He caught hold of the bayonets of the mutineers, and, though himself desperately wounded, shouted while the blood streamed from him: "Company, attention! Musicians to the front! Hurrah!" He led the battalion to the barracks, wrote a letter to the Tsar, and died. Eight of the murderers got away, but were eventually caught, with one exception.

Submarine Disasters.

The British are decidedly unfortunate with their submarine boats. We deplore the recent sad disasters, but cannot help feeling satisfaction that nothing of the same kind has happened to our own flotilla of submarines.—*Yacht*, Paris.

A New Forest Hermit.

"Brusher" Mills, the famous New Forest snake catcher, has been found dead at Brockenhurst. Mills was familiar to all visitors to the forest, where he practically lived the life of a hermit. He caught thousands of snakes during his career, and earned his livelihood by disposing of them in various ways. He was a quaint character, and until recently lived in a small hut in the heart of the forest.

A Long Sleep.

The wife of a farmer at Villacienso has just awakened after a cataleptic sleep of thirty-one years, and refuses to believe that her faculties have been suspended for so long a period.

Riot at a Church.

About 130 "Wee Frees" took possession of Newton-on-Ayr Church last Sunday. After the service they were assailed by eggs and all kinds of missiles, and a riot ensued. The police were reinforced, but the crowd was too strong, and the constables were pushed against the iron railings. They drew their batons and succeeded in beating the crowd back, but the "Free Churchites" were badly handled. In the afternoon, on the representation of the police, they abandoned their service.

Rulers and Epithets.

It is curious to notice how epithets spring up and cling fast to some kings and rulers. "Sympathetic" seems to have been almost universally agreed upon as a description of the King of Spain, even in this country where the word does not carry all the meaning that its equivalent carries in France and in Spain, says the *Bystander*. Perhaps the word is rather a colourless one—for a king—but judging by precedent—unless he does something very extraordinary later on—Alfonso will go down to posterity as sympathetic. Just so! President Roosevelt seems destined to be known as strenuous to the end of his days, and our own King as tactful, and the Kaiser as impetuous—an adjective that signifies, perhaps, strenuousness without tact. Potentates have to loom big in the public eye before they earn an epithet at all, so that even to be known as "impetuous" is to be known to fame *inter æquales*. Small magnates—if one may call them so—have to be content simply with their magnificence: they cannot rise above it. They are, in fact, personages, but not personalities: nothing at all to the great mass of mankind except their titles—Sultan—Emperor—Tsar: and to their loyal subjects no more than a nuisance.

Norway Prepares for War.

A telegram from Drontheim states that nearly the entire Norwegian army is mobilising. From Stenkjer alone, says the *Morning Post's* correspondent, 2,000 infantry have been sent to the frontier. Considerable interest is being evinced at the far northern town of Tromso in the settlement with Sweden. The popular desire is that an English Prince shall be proclaimed King. Grave fears, says the *Telegraph's* correspondent, are entertained as to Russia's ulti-

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Prince of Wales at Cardiff, in his robes as Chancellor of South Wales and Monmouthshire College.

mate action in the extension of her frontier. A remarkable tongue of Russian territory thrusts itself across the peninsula towards the Lyngenfiord. In securing this fiord a warm-water port, open all the year round, would be obtained, an action which, it is feared, would lead to the annexation of the country.

Cheapest for the Money.

A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has seen in a chemist's shop a card of cheap microscopes, marked 1s. each, with the notice: "These are the cheapest microscopes ever offered for the money."

Our Imperial Destiny.

At an examination held in a Whitley, Surrey, school, "Empire" was a subject about which the boys were asked to write their impressions. The following was the answer given by one of the scholars: "England has long been mistress of the seas. She has not got all the land yet, but she will acquire it by degrees."

"A Fussy Country."

Travelling from Nottingham to Lincoln, a young man produced a revolver and commenced to blaze away from the carriage window. At Lincoln he was arrested, and in the police court he said he was a native of Warwickshire, but had lived in America. He failed to see that he had done wrong; he was simply shooting into unoccupied fields. More fuss was made about it, he added, than about shooting a man in America. He gave the name of Cyril Edward Ireland, and paid a sovereign fine.

The Young Princes playing at the river-side, Monkey Island.

The Alien Pilot.

As a practical illustration of the danger that alien pilots may do, a writer in the *Morning Post* instances the annihilation of the Chinese fleet by the French squadron under Admiral Courbet at Pagoda Anchorage (Foochow) on August 23, 1884, owing to the co-operation of Pilot Thomas. Without his or another alien's local knowledge it is doubtful if the French would have ventured up the River Min. This pilot was promised about £3,000 for his services, and a pension guaranteed to his wife in case he lost his life, which he did by a shot from the *Yangwu* while he was standing on the *Volta's* bridge.

"Dare to be Great."

President Roosevelt, addressing the faculty and students of Williams College, Williamston, last week, said: "I ask the nation to dare to be great, and to be so daring as to show that it knows how to do justice to the weak no less than to exact justice of the strong. I would rather see the country abandon the Monroe Doctrine and give up all thought of building the Panama Canal than to see it attempt to maintain the one and construct the other while refusing to provide the means which can alone render its attitude as a nation worthy of the respect of nations and of mankind. There is one thing we must not do, and that is to bluff. Therefore, gentlemen, keep on building up and maintaining at the highest point of efficiency the United States Navy, or quit to be a big nation."

Brains Not Measured by Pay.

"A man's brains must not always be measured by the salary he gets," said Mr. Arnold White, speaking on the subject of corruption in public life to an audience of men in Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road. For instance, Admiral Togo is paid £648 a year, while Admiral Rodjestvensky receives no less than £11,000, and where is the latter now?

The Racing Train Smash.

The recent accident in which the train known as the "Twentieth Century Limited" was wrecked will cost the Chicago and Alton Railway, for losses to property, damages for deaths, injuries, &c., at least 350,000 dollars (£70,000). The life insurance companies lose 416,000 dollars (£83,000). The authorities have decided to immediately introduce the English system of non-facing switches.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Sirdar, Major-General Sir Francis Wingate, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., leaving the Bodleian Library after receiving the honorary degree of D.C.L. He is shown here wearing the scarlet and crimson robes.

Photo, Nops, Ltd.

THE NEW FRONTIERSMEN CLUB. It is hoped that this club, which has recently been started in London, will become a great defensive force under the Presidency of the Earl of Lonsdale.

Boys Wanted for the Navy.

The Admiralty intend, as far as possible, to train their own engine-room artificers. The present artificers of the Navy are nearly all members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, which occasionally makes its power felt at Whitehall. The Admiralty have now issued a circular announcing that youths of fifteen to sixteen may join the service as boy artificers. They will receive free quarters, uniform, and from 6d. to 10d. per day pocket-money during their four years' training. After that they are to go to sea, starting with a wage of 3s., and rising to 8s. per day. A proportion may further aspire to commissions.

The Soldier his Own Cobbler.

Napoleon used to say that it was with his soldiers' legs he won his victories, and no one will dispute the importance of boots. A Paris journalist, M. Lucien Klotz, has suggested an original idea to M. Berteaux, the Minister for War, which it is possible that the Department may adopt. By M. Klotz's plan the men of each regiment will go through a course in bootmaking, so that each man shall become an efficient cobbler. As soon as this efficiency has been attained each man's knapsack will carry light cobbling tools, and, instead of the heavy pair of extra boots, several pairs of soles, so made that they may be put on easily and quickly.

Famous War Horse.

Now at Mooi River, Natal, the only survivor of the artillery horses when the guns were lost at Colenso is to be brought to England to spend the rest of its life at Thaxted, Essex. Lord Roberts wished to buy it, but its owners, Messrs. Abbott, would not part with it.

Biggest Foreign Population.

Taking size into consideration, Switzerland has the biggest foreign population of any European country. Two hundred and twenty thousand foreign residents live within her limits.

Things You May Post.

The issue of the Post-Office Guide in a revised and vastly improved form recalls some curious facts of the postal and telegraphic services. One forgets, for instance, that a letter may be 2ft. long, 1ft. wide, or 1ft. deep. You can send as a circular for a halfpenny "With thanks for kind inquiries." Live bees you can send by letter or parcel, provided there is no risk to the officers of the post office or to other packets. Under the heading of "Exceptional Express Services" we read: "Postmasters may arrange for the conduct of a person to an address by an express messenger."

A Child Heroine.

The attention of the King has been drawn by the Vicar of Colebrooke, in Devonshire, to the heroism of Eva Tucker, ten years old, who saved two other little girls from drowning. The children were playing beside the mill-race, when Mabel Easterbooke, nine years old, fell in, dragging Maud Howard, eight years old, along with her. Eva Tucker ran to the fender, and when the children were swept against it canght them and held them until assistance came. Both children were insensible when taken out. The Vicar is raising a fund to make a public presentation to the child heroine.

How Animals are Tortured.

A fashionable turn-out in these high days of the season often presents a picture of the three stages from luxury to torment. In the carriage lounge a man and woman whose countenances and costumes show that they are in the habit of denying themselves nothing. On the box sit a coachman and footman dressed in rigid livery and with all the trappings of lofty dignity—neither comfortable nor miserable, but in the philosophic state of stoicism. Between the traces stride two fine horses undergoing the torture of the bearing rein, their handsome heads pulled into an unnatural position, their eyes glazed with suffering. It is not a pleasant sight. It is rather a combination of vulgarity, thoughtlessness, and wrong notions of so called smartness. Perhaps the high authority of the Duke of Portland will have more weight with the responsible people in the first stage—the luxurious carriage—than any amount of preaching from humanitarians. Speaking on the bearing-rein at the meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, his Grace declared that, if the owners could only realise how they disfigured and vulgarised their otherwise smart equipages, they would give orders that the reins should be properly adjusted. Let us impress the fact that distortion is never smart, and that bearing-reins are not good form. No reminder of the duty of kindness to animals would have so much chance of effect.

Togo and the Y.M.C.A.

According to an American lecturer, Admiral Togo was a member of the Y.M.C.A. when he resided in the United States, and is to-day counted a leader of Christian thought in Japan.

Not Too Old at Seventy-eight.

There are some remarkable records of long service in the annual prize-list just issued by the Huntingdonshire Agricultural Society, which makes monetary awards to the labourers who have been longest in the employ of their members or on the same farm. The list shows that there is one man still so employed in the county who has reached the age of seventy-eight years. His name is Peter Sheridan, and he has been engaged on the estate of the Dukes of Manchester at Kimbolton for forty-five years, but he does not take a prize, as his length of service is exceeded in another case by ten years.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE WIMBORNE WEDDING: The Hon. Frederick Edward Guest and Miss Amy Phipps leaving St. George's Church, Hanover Square, between the crossed swords of the guard of honour of Life Guards, after the ceremony. The bridegroom is the third son of Lord and Lady Wimborne, and the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps, of Pittsburg, U.S.A., and Beaufort Castle, Inverness. Mr. Phipps is a partner of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

A Hindoo Samson.

Sandow is at present astonishing Madras, and this has tempted the Hindoos to recall the feats of Bhima, the "Mahabharata" hero. Pursued by a tiger, his mother when nursing Bhima let him drop. The force of the impact shattered in a thousand pieces the rock on which he had fallen, but the boy was none the worse. When he quarrelled with other boys he gathered them up, ten or fifteen at a time, and plumped them in the nearest pond. His cousins hid themselves in a tall banyan to jeer at him, but he tore it from the ground without effort. He snapped his bonds like Samson, and a hungry cobra's fangs could not penetrate his skin. His triumph, however, was the defeat of Bakasura, who "consumed a cart-load of food at a sitting, and used palmyra trees for tooth-brushes." So at least does a Hindoo correspondent of the *Madras Mail* summarise the ancient story.

Magnetic Mud.

Doctor Tanner, the well-known fasting man, who is now seventy-five years old, in order to demonstrate that the chemical action of the earth generates a form of energy that evolves or sustains life, is to be buried for thirty days in the magnetic mud at Mudlaven, in Indiana.

Cow's Meal of Banknotes.

A Savoyard shepherd named Vachat entered a barn near Vaucluse, and found a cow in the act of chewing up his savings, which, consisting of £70 in banknotes, had been hidden in a corner of the barn. Only two notes for £3 remained uneaten.

Talking Bird at the Zoo.

A bird which can talk in two languages, and whose repertory consists of seventeen phrases, is the latest addition to the Zoological Gardens. The bird belongs to a species known as the Larger Hill Mynah, which flourishes in Northern India. Three of its phrases are in an Indian dialect, and the rest in English. The bird's name, as it informs all comers, is Tommy, and it asks all visitors, "Who are you?"

Carried Off by a Dog.

An extraordinary affair was reported to the Crewe police last week. Mrs. Gill, of Richard Moon Street, Crewe, left her six-weeks-old baby lying in its cot, and as it was sleeping peacefully she went out for a few minutes. Returning, she was startled to find that the baby was missing. The distracted mother rushed wildly down the street, where she found the infant in the care of a lady who had picked it up in an entry. Its face and head were covered with scratches and bruises, and its arms were terribly mutilated. A large greyhound, which has a litter of puppies in the neighbourhood, was seen in Mrs. Gill's premises about the time of the occurrence, and it is believed that the dog was the culprit.

Betting in a Synagogue.

A raid by the New York police resulted in an extraordinary discovery in a Jewish synagogue in Grand Street. The police said they had noticed that the services at the synagogue were excessively frequent, and that they were attended by large congregations, which included members of various religions. A detective entered the building and found the congregation making bets with the rabbi at the altar, which was fitted with racing charts, &c. The rabbi was arrested, and has been charged with bookmaking in the synagogue.

Advice to Innkeepers.

In an article contrasting British and foreign inns, the "Lancet" says: "If an innkeeper would lay himself out to provide travellers with a simple, cleanly meal of cold beef, fresh salad, lemons, strawberries, and other fruit when in season, and would not charge sixpence for standing a bicycle against a wall, he would reap his reward."

A Noble Fire-engine Driver.

The Marquess of Downshire is among the members of the Wokingham Fire Brigade, who are encamping at the Crystal Palace and taking part in the fire-fighting competitions this week. Although he has been a fireman for over ten years, he prefers to remain in the ranks, and he still attends the drills and answers the "call" whenever a fire breaks out. He usually drives the fire-engine.

Motors v. Horses.

A new charge of injuring horses is brought against motor-cars. According to a member of the Coventry Rural District Council, the clouds of dust they send up settle on the hay crops, with the result that horses had to eat hay loaded with dust. This caused the horses to become broken-winded.

Much Tattooed.

Arthur Smith, of the Royal Warwickshire Militia, was proud of his tattoo marks. But he deserted, and he found the same marks served to identify him at Birmingham. These artistic impressions were:—A cross on the left forearm, with the words, "In loving memory," a jockey with two flags, Buffalo Bill, a heart on the back of the left hand, a horseshoe with crossed whips, a cross with the figure of a soldier leaning on it a pierced heart, a heart on the right forearm, a heart with clasped hands, a soldier and a girl.

Bath Commodities.

The number of commodities associated with the town of Bath is really remarkable. There is, of course, the Bath bun, of which we are to hear more, apparently, in the courts, the Bath chair, Bath stone, a species of limestone found in quarries near Bath, Bath metal, Bath shillings, coined at Bath in 1811-1812, Bath post, a highly-glazed letter-paper once used by visitors to Bath, and Bath bricks, which are not made at Bath but at Bridgwater!

A Baby Bridesmaid.

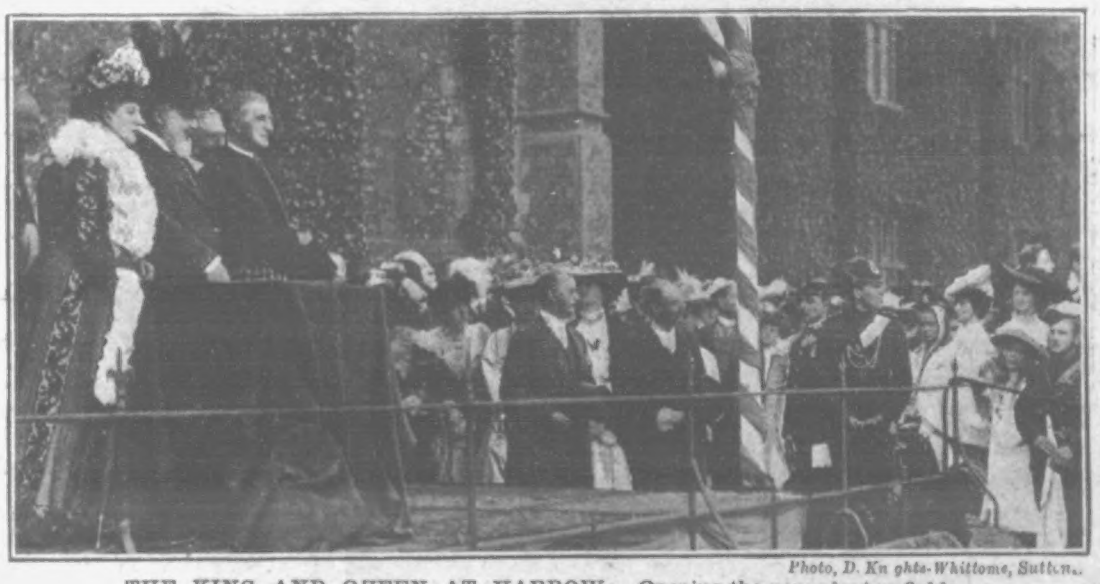
One of the bridesmaids at the marriage of a Nelson cotton manufacturer a day or two ago was Miss Minnie Ogden, who is one year and two months old. The baby bridesmaid looked very pretty in blue.

Wedded for Sixty-five Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cole, of the King's Arms, Montacute, Somerset, celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding last week. They have lived in the reigns of five English sovereigns.

Servant and Wife.

At the Shoreditch County Court an argument arose between counsel and Judge Smyly as to whether a husband could claim for the loss of the services of his wife through an accident. His Honour: He can certainly under certain circumstances. Counsel: But she earns nothing. His Honour: She is legally his servant if at any time he has to engage someone to take her place in the household duties. Counsel.—It would need courage to tell a lady that (loud laughter).



Photo, D. Knights-Whittome, Sutton.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT HARROW: Opening the new playing fields.

Photo, Frith.

HENLEY REGATTA: A view of the course.

Some of Mr. C. B. Fry's Extraordinary Records.

C. B. Fry, the greatest run-getter of recent years, still maintains the position at the head of the first-class batting averages which has very nearly become his by right. A glance at his record in this matter is not out of place, now that we are approaching the half-way post of the 1905 cricket season. His first efforts in a school eleven were made in 1888 at Repton. In 1889 he headed the school averages with a 442 aggregate, 36·75 average. In 1890 he totalled 419, with an average of 24. In 1891 he totalled 335, with an average of 49. He played his first county match for Surrey *v.* Warwickshire at the Oval, August 24, 25, 1891, scoring three and one, not out. It is not generally known, perhaps, what a brilliant success he was in his Freshman's match at Oxford on May 5, 6, 7, 1892. He scored 118 and 53, and took ten wickets for 103 runs. Then, playing for the University *v.* Next Sixteen, he scored 103, and on June 9, at Oxford, 110 for the University *v.* Somerset. Being qualified for Sussex originally by residence, but now by the five-years' rule—his home now being in Hampshire—he became second in the first-class averages in 1898, with an aggregate of 1788, average 54, while in 1899 he scored 2366, average 43·81. In that year he played for the first time for England *v.* Australia, scoring 50 and 9 in his first Test match, and, playing in all five Test matches, had an average of 23·37. In 1900 he scored 2325, average 61·18. In 1901 he scored 3147, average 78·67. In 1902 he scored 1625, average 35·32. In 1903 he scored 2683, average 81·30. In 1904 he scored 2824, average 70·60. He headed the first-class averages in 1901 and 1903, and was second in 1898, 1900, and 1904. Up to the end of last season he had scored 61 centuries in first-class cricket, eleven of them over 200 runs, with 244, Sussex *v.* Leicestershire at Leicester, as highest score. In 1901 he scored six centuries in successive innings in first-class cricket, viz., 106, 209, 149, 105, 140, and 105, all except the last for Sussex *v.* Hants, Yorkshire, Middlesex, Surrey and Kent, the sixth century being for C. I. Thornton's England XI. *v.* Yorkshire. Needless to add, these six successive hundreds form a record for first-class cricket, and only once has the feat been performed in any other class of cricket.

Photo, Argent Archer.

HENLEY REGATTA: A pretty scene on the river.

The Russian Revolution: A typical non-commissioned officer of the Murom Dragoons. The officers of this regiment at Lodz refused, on behalf of the men and themselves, to shoot down defenceless people. The regiment was immediately transferred to another district.

In Darkest Russia.

To ward off cholera the young women of the Russian village of Klimovsko, clad only in their night-dresses and with their hair all loose, made the rounds, barefooted, of the village at midnight. One of them, carrying a small idol, marched in front. Immediately after her another on horseback, with an oven rake, carried bread and salt in her hand. Five paces behind there followed twelve girls pulling a plough.

Dangerous Corners.

The luxuriant growth of summer foliage once more brings into prominence, says a correspondent of the *Field*, the danger that arises to all travellers by road from the gradual encroachment of trees and hedges obscuring the view of the road ahead round the numerous corners and abrupt turnings which are a distinguishing characteristic of our English lanes. Owing to the slow and imperceptible degrees by which vegetation obtrudes itself at these points little or no notice is taken of the extent to which it blinds the traveller at critical positions on his course. For the bicyclist especially the danger is particularly great, inasmuch as he is the chief sufferer, as a rule, whatever the obstruction may be that occasionally confronts him at such times. Moreover, the danger is much increased by the reckless and indefensible practice that is so rife among the negligent classes of drivers of all kinds of cutting into the wrong side of the road round corners when they should be particularly careful to keep well to their near side. If there is a time when every rider or driver should adhere strictly to the rule of the road it is turning corners where his view of the road ahead is restricted, and he has no means of knowing that, in taking the off-side as a short cut, he will not be suddenly brought face to face with another vehicle in circumstances in which there is usually no time to avoid a collision. Though more road accidents occur from this than any other cause, no check other than a very rare prosecution is ever attempted to be put upon this dangerous practice, and even then the injured party seldom gets any substantial satisfaction, owing to his inability to prove the negligence from which he is the sufferer. It would conduce greatly to the safety of all who use the roads if the highway authorities would exercise their powers and cause the hedges at all abrupt turnings, especially where the roads are narrow, to be severely cut back. In many cases these will be found to project several feet beyond the boundary line, and not only to obscure the view to a serious extent, but to diminish materially in some cases the effective width of the road, sometimes even considerably overhanging the metalled surface. The prudent bicyclist will always slow down and sound his bell as he nears a blind turning of this description, but this does not always suffice for his protection; and there are few riders of any long experience who have not had narrow escapes, and only saved themselves from being run down by a hurried dismount, or by steering into a ditch or hedge. It is time that the recklessness of driving on the wrong side of the road round a corner was properly and widely recognised, and when the offence is brought home to a man and injury to others results, the punishment ought to be specially severe, for it amounts to criminal negligence, and, as we have said, is a practice that is quite indefensible. No man who is given to it is fit to be entrusted with the control of any vehicle, for he is a constant source of danger to all other travellers.

Love Fled with Beauty.

There is a world of humble tragedy, with more of the atmosphere of a novel than of grim reality, in the pitiful story told by Mrs. Ellen Fox in the Brentford Police Court, of how the love of an adoring husband failed to stand the test of the loss of his wife's beauty, which he so much admired. As she stood in the box telling her story in trembling tones, it was obvious that Mrs. Fox had been a woman of uncommon attractiveness. Looked at from the left she is still a pretty woman. In spite of some faint lines suggestive of much silent suffering, her dark hazel eyes and wavy black hair are sufficiently striking to give painful emphasis to her loss. The right eye and the greater portion of the right side of her face were covered by a shade. Seven years ago Mrs. Fox fell on the fire in a fainting fit, burning and disfiguring one side of her face. Since the accident, she said, her husband had never spoken a kind word to her, and soon after it he went to live with another woman, leaving his stricken wife with their two children. He contributed three shillings a week towards the support of the younger of the children, but refused to render any further assistance. The husband, Daniel Fox, a platelayer, questioned his wife with callous directness with regard to certain improprieties of conduct, which she denied. He admitted that he was earning a guinea a week, but pleaded that he was unable to keep his wife and children as he had three illegitimate children to keep. When he protested that he could not desert the latter, and suggested that his wife should come and live with them, the magistrate severely rebuked him, and ordered him to pay 7s. 6d. a week towards the support of his wife and children.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Miss Roberts, who took part in the exhibition of Jiu-Jitsu at the Japanese Garden Party last week at the Botanical Gardens.

Epidemic of Laziness.

A medical commission in Puerto Rico is applying a newly-discovered cure to the "lazy worm" disease, which afflicts with absolute idleness about 95 per cent. of the 100,000 people inhabiting the interior of the island. About 4500 victims have been cured, and £3000 is to be spent in the effort to cure others.

Law and the Servant.

A servant girl who had been discharged because she was twenty minutes late in returning to her mistress's house after a "Sunday out" was awarded a month's wages in the Wandsworth County Court. Judge Russell said she had been dismissed without sufficient cause.

The Market Place, Warsaw, where much street-fighting has taken place.

Photo, Frith.

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL: Opened by the King in State on Monday.

The King at Southwark.

St. Saviour's, Southwark, was formally elevated to the dignity of a Cathedral on Monday afternoon. The King and Queen were amongst a distinguished congregation present at the ceremony. The people of Southwark showed their delight at the double honour thus conferred upon their Borough by turning out in thousands to welcome their Majesties, and decorating the whole of the route over which the Royal procession passed. Southwark Street and Borough High Street were a blaze of colour, canopied by flags and bunting of every description, with banners covered by greetings the most loyal and enthusiastic. His Majesty accepted from the Mayor and Corporation of Southwark a loyal address, which recalled that King Henry V., before setting out to his victories abroad, made an offering at St. George's Church, and that Edward IV., who was called the Londoners' King, passed through Southwark on his way from Sheen Palace to the Tower on the occasion of his coronation. Nearly a hundred clergymen were present in the Cathedral, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Lichfield, Worcester, Honduras, and Barking, and the Bishops-designate of Kingston and Woolwich. "Things old and new" was the theme of the Bishop of London's sermon. The promise of the cathedral's future, his lordship said, would outshine the glories of its past.

War Scandals Surprise.

Remarkable developments are likely to arise in connection with the war stores scandals. It is stated that some of the persons implicated threaten that, in the event of not obtaining ample satisfaction, they will impeach high Government officials for gross carelessness and for lack of business precautions which made them mere tools in the hands of unscrupulous firms. Officials interested in firms or individuals are stated to have given indirect orders to deal with certain people, and in one case it is alleged that a civilian in authority accepted a bribe. It is also likely that the case of non-commissioned officers with large banking accounts will be gone into. It will further be urged that the supply branch of the Army Service Corps is totally unfit for a great war, as it has been reduced to a non-specialised branch, largely governed by transport and infantry officers who have no expert supply experience. The very small numb r of efficient supply men were worked off their legs in South Africa, and very often were under officers totally ignorant of supply work, who would not, or could not, refuse supplies which their juniors of the supply branch had condemned. In this way coarse food and rotten stores were not only sent to the troops, but were accepted by those who, if properly qualified, would have rejected them. It is suggested that the supply branch of the Army should have a thorough knowledge of the world's markets, and that capable agents should be appointed, who in time of war would be responsible for getting supplies from contractors whose integrity was beyond doubt. Such a scheme would probably cost £100,000 a year, but in war time it would result in the saving of millions.

Photo, Stuart, Richmond.

THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

The Men were Splendid.

During the stay of the British squadron in Algiers the excellent conduct of the men when on shore was much commented upon. No case of drunkenness nor of disorderly conduct occurred. This reflects great credit on Admiral Beresford and his squadron, and left a very good impression upon the inhabitants.—*La Depeche Algerienne.*

Advertising a Throne.

We are not a rich nation, but we intend to offer our future King, when he turns up, such conditions as are worthy of him and the nation. A monarchy will prove cheaper than a republic, but we Norwegians do not intend to run our monarchy on niggardly lines.—*Orebladet*, Christiania.

The New Napoleon.

The European situation has become splendidly dramatic. Never have international politics presented a spectacle of such absorbing interest. Napoleon himself was scarcely a greater figure than the man who today is seeking to control the destinies of Europe—the Kaiser. His qualities in several respects surpass those of the little conqueror. The same inordinate ambition is tempered with patience and caution.—*Sun*, New York.

Snuff for Speakers.

At a Carlisle election meeting a rubicund-visaged and demonstrative supporter in the crowd caused much amusement by dispensing snuff from a tin box to the speakers and others present.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MONEY.—If you will send us your name and address we will forward you a prospectus of the bank you mention. It is well spoken of and does a large business.

R. T. A.—We do not give trade names and addresses, nor can we publish the name and address of the writer of the article you refer to; but if you will send the letter to us we will forward it for you.

PARIS READER. — As previously stated, the height of King Edward is said to be 5ft. 7in., and his total height when wearing high-heel boots is 5ft. 8½in. The late Queen Victoria's height was about 4ft. 10in The average height for a man of thirty is 5ft. 8½in., and the average weight of a man's brain is 49½oz., being about 5oz. heavier than a woman's brain.

R. S. T. (Lincoln).—Turkey incubation lasts twenty-eight days.

INQUIRER (Yeovil).—Somerset is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon "Suthmorset," literally, the "south moor settlement." Devon is a modified form of Dwfnient, the Celtic for the "deep valleys." An earlier name for Devon was Damnonia, the territory of the Damnonii, a Celtic tribe.

"CHICKBEE" (Herts.). — We remember reading the account to which you refer of hens' eggs being hatched in an apiary. The experiment was tried by a Mr. Decker, a farmer, of Ohio, America, and the report of his success was originally published in an American paper. When transferring a swarm of bees one day the farmer noticed that the temperature was about the same in the hive as in his incubators. That night he put twenty hens' eggs in the hive, with the result that at the end of a period of nineteen days he discovered that every egg had been hatched. Eventually he claimed that in this manner he could produce one hundred chicks from one hundred fertile eggs in nineteen days. We cannot verify the report.

W. SCHOFIELD (Highgate). — The cracking and breaking of large bells is caused by the hammers constantly impinging on certain fixed parts of the metal. Owing to this a hollow is gradually formed which deepens until the metal becomes too thin at that particular part to withstand the force with which the hammer strikes it. Also the tongue strikes two places almost as determinedly, and the consequences are wearing and hardening of the metal at certain parts of the bell, and producing an unevenness of substance and general inequality which renders it unable to resist the powerful vibrations to which it is subjected.

T. R. C. (Durham).—It is no trouble; we regard it as a pleasure to help readers when and where possible. The highest average wage of farm labourers in England is paid in the county of Durham, and amounts to 22s. 6d. per week; the lowest, in Oxfordshire, to 14s. 6d.

"TAR" (Sheerness).—(1) Yes. (2) The magnetic power of the compass needle will be entirely destroyed or changed by being touched with the juice of an onion. This fact is not of recent discovery.

C. FOWLER (Gloucester).—You have illustrated a peculiar phenomenon. It is not universally agreed that the moon is without an atmosphere, but owing to the smallness of her mass she is incapacitated from holding an extensive covering of gas; and some scientists aver that it is possible that this weak envelope may sometimes through local causes, in some measure, dim or condense itself. Others opine that if there be a lunar atmosphere, it is rare in comparison with the terrestrial atmosphere. The absence of any refraction is the light of stars during occultation is considered a refined test. We cannot satisfactorily explain the phenomenon with which your letter deals, but the fact that the moon turns always the same face to the earth is, in all probability, the result of an elongation of its figure in the direction of a line joining the centres of both the bodies, acting conjointly with a non-coincidence of its centre of gravity with its centre of symmetry. Sir John Herschel held this view, and it may account for the latter part of your observation in the event of the certain propinquity of a planet at the time.

LEX (Brighton).—We do not usually reply to legal questions. Many publications undertake to settle legal difficulties and advise in medical matters for correspondents; but we do not consider the proceeding wise or helpful. On the contrary, in medical matters especially, as it is often difficult for a physician to properly diagnose a case, even when he is in a position to examine a patient; such being the case, how is it possible to safely advise by correspondence? Often more harm than good is done in this manner. On questions of law the side of case is seldom lucidly and impartially presented in the correspondent's letter, and advice is given which often leads to court proceedings, which might have been avoided had a solicitor in a position to personally go into the matter been consulted in the first instance. However, "Lex," the matter of the small estate left by your uncle who died intestate is quite simple to settle. The widow takes the whole of it, as it is under the value of £500.

GARDENER (Hants).—Holly plants should be obtained in early autumn, as soon as it is safe to move them, and replanted at once before the ground gets cool.

CLERK.—Yes, pursers and pursers' assistants are carried on the steamers of each of the companies you name. Write to the Shore Superintendent of the Cunard Line, Water Street, Liverpool; the White Star Line, James Street, Liverpool; and the Allan Line, James Street, Liverpool. Try and get an introduction to a purser, who would, no doubt, give you a better idea of the duties they have to perform.

GARDENER.—Lime water is a useful aid to all growers of plants in pots, and where large quantities of chrysanthemums are so grown it is as useful as are the various manures and manure waters used. Every place should have its large wooden tub or its brick and cement tank in which lime water can be kept ready for use. A peck of lime may be put in a 40-gallon tub of water (or proportionately as the tank is larger or smaller), and be stirred up and allowed to settle down well. Water will only carry a certain quantity of lime in solution, however much is put into it at first, so that no fear need be felt, provided the water is used in a clear state, that too much will be given. An occasional watering with lime water will clear the plants from insects and worms at the root, and when tomatoes in pots will not move in answer to various manures a watering with lime water will often put matters right, acting either as a sweetener of the soil or as a digester of the manures contained in the soil. Care must always be taken that it is never applied to heaths, azaleas, or other so-called American and Cape plants. Roses in pots, will, however, benefit greatly from its use. The lime used in its preparation should be quite fresh, and it is best to slake it first in a pail or tub in a smaller quantity of water before putting it into the larger bulk.

[Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE KING AT SOUTHWARK: His Majesty receiving an address on the way to the Cathedral.

A Woman's Heroism: Miss Quinn, who, at the risk of her own life, saved that of a little boy from drowning recently. Miss Quinn's heroic deed was the subject of our front page picture last week.

Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: Bluejackets at Southsea firing a "feu-de-joie" at the parade of troops.

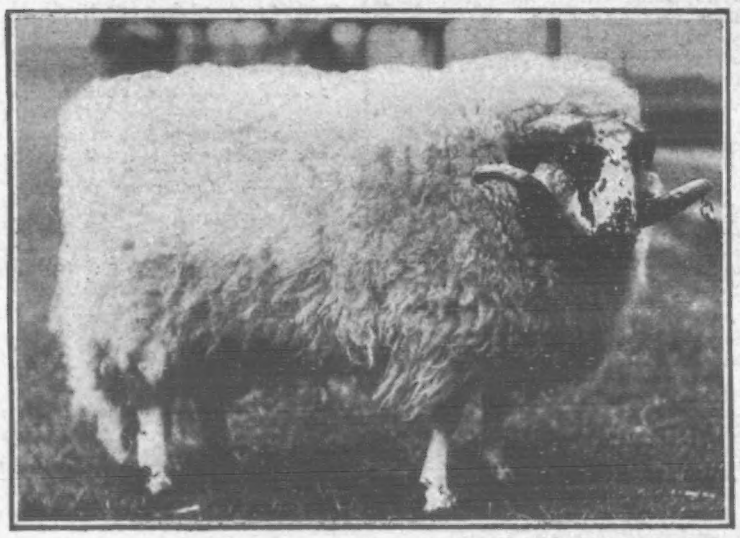
P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

The Aylesbury Duck Industry.

There is no hard-and-fast method of rearing among the Aylesbury "duckers." Some give the ducklings plenty of liberty, others confine them in sheds, and merely let them out to feed them. Nor is the feeding always similar, though in hardly any case is biscuitmeal used. On one big establishment the owner buys a sack of wheat and two of barley, has them ground, husk and all, blends the meal, and feeds with it from the shell till the ducklings are big enough to kill; to weigh from four and a half to six pounds before they moult he had better drop ducks, or, better still, study the methods of the Aylesbury men, and thus secure the profits they make.

A Wonderful Egg.

A hen belonging to Sergeant Didlock, a Padiham volunteer instructor, has laid a remarkable egg. This has a flat side, upon which is a striking resemblance of the dial of a clock, minus the hands, equidistant round



Photo, Cartwright, Norwood.

THE ROYAL SHOW: Mr. David Hague's Lonk Ram, "Worsthorne Wonder," First Prize.

greaves are added, but nothing else, except water to damp it. But as a rule the "duckers" rely on boiled rice and toppings and a little greaves, and start the ducklings on hard-boiled eggs. One well-known breeder who raises exhibition ducks prepares the food with more care, thus: equal proportions of Spratt's biscuitmeal, damped in boiling water till swollen to its fullest extent, and boiled rice, a little greaves, and a few handfuls of toppings are added, then minced fresh green food, and the whole thoroughly well mixed. Older birds get the same, only with the addition of bran and rather more toppings.

None of this feeding is dear, and if we put down the value of the food each duck consumes in the first nine weeks of its life at eighteenpence we are well within the mark. It follows that there is a good margin for profit, for plucking costs only a penny, and railway carriage another. The Aylesbury "duckers" are certainly well off in paying so little for these two items. And duck-farming has one special advantage over chicken fattening, it only lasts seven or eight months in the year, as few eggs, if any, are set the second half of the year. And there is no cramming—a rather repulsive task on a chicken-fattener's establishment. The ducks cram themselves, and it must be confessed that in the hands of an Aylesbury "ducker" they do it remarkably well. But not all duck-keepers follow the methods of the Aylesbury men. With what result? Hundreds and thousands of ducklings are kept over the first moult, because, being nothing but skin and bone, it is useless killing them. Such ducklings are unprofitable. If a duck-keeper cannot get his ducks

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Royal Agricultural Show at Park Royal.

the circle being twelve raised sections, much like Roman numerals.

A Great Cattle Auctioneer.

The well-known cattle auctioneer, Mr. John Thornton, was last week the recipient of a portrait of himself, by Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A., to which there were 900 subscribers. The presentation took place at the Hotel Great Central, where a dinner was given in his honour. Mr. Thornton is sometimes known as "the King's Auctioneer." His Majesty sent a letter to Sir Nigel Kingscote, expressing his sympathy with the object of the meeting.

Spanish, Andalusian, and Minorca Fowls.

The birds of the Spanish breed have a fine, shiny, clinging, black plumage, and are of elegant and light appearance. The white face of the cock gets thicker as the bird becomes older, and is so thick in some cases as almost entirely to cover the eye, and thus considerably interfere with the sight. The Spanish hen is an excellent layer of large white eggs, is rather delicate, and does not always give the measure of its fecundity. It prospers at the establishment of a breeder who takes great care of it and understands its most trifling needs; but it is fond of azotic nourishment, and declines rapidly in the hands of inexperienced breeders. The chickens are difficult to rear, and take a very long time to get their feathers, fearing the cold greatly. They should be hatched in mild weather, and meat or blood should be added regularly to their food. The blue Andalusian, a variety of the black Spanish with white lobes, would be more recommendable than the latter from a productive point of view. It is infinitely more rustic, and cedes nothing as regards beauty. The original colour of the Andalusian hen is slaty grey blue. All the feathers, and more especially those of the breast, are surrounded by a deep lacing almost black, which gives generally to the plumage a most agreeable appearance. The comb is broad, the eye very large, the ear pure white and shaped like an almond, and the cheeks red. With regard to the Andalusian cock, the breast and the thighs only are laced. The top of the back and the hackle are of an almost black grey, and that shade merges gradually, in descending towards the sides, into blue or lilac. The Andalusian cock, when it is what it ought to be, is, indeed, a very fine bird. For a long time effaced from public notice, but never forgotten by those who know its beauty and merits, the Minorca, sometimes called the black Andalusian, has made during recent years some brilliant re-entries into exhibitions, its gigantic comb there to be seen in company with the headgear of the Redcap and the crest of the Padoue. In an exhibition of serrated-combed fowls no other breed can compete with the Minorca. The cock and the hen are equally well favoured in this respect, the hen carrying the comb drooping, while the cock carries it straight and upright. The Spanish, Andalusian, and Minorca breeds are bad sitters.

A Surprise for the Bully.

A West Bromwich magistrate tells a story of a small dog, which, having been defeated by the butcher's ferocious bull terrier, collected half a dozen other dogs, and, after feasting them on pieces of meat which it had stored up, led them to the fray, and, with their aid, avenged his disgrace by thoroughly whipping the terrier.

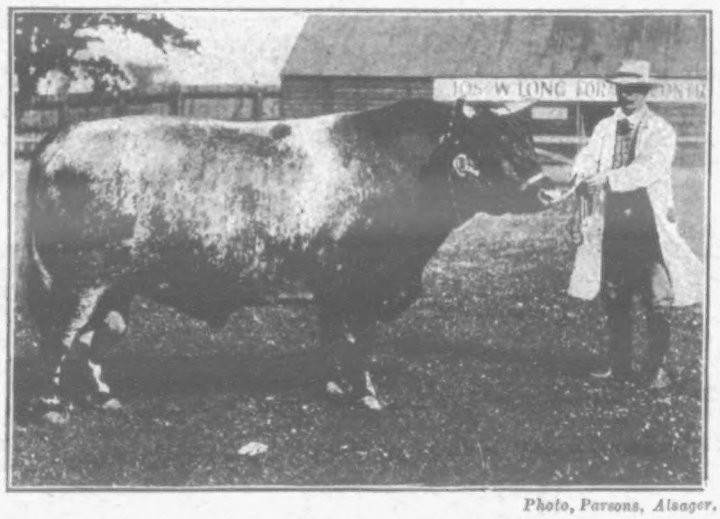
Kittens and the Chicken.

A chicken of about two days' growth was found lying between two kittens, three weeks old. The hens lay about in our old stables, says a correspondent of *Country Life*, where there are seven cats, none of whom, though wild enough, ever touch a chicken, big or little. I conclude that the heat of the kittens hatched the little, brown, short-legged beggar, whom we have removed under a hen whose eggs are breaking. The orphan is a sturdy chap.

Potatoes Without Haulm.

A greater novelty than the seedless apple has now made its appearance. It is nothing less than a potato grown without producing any top or haulm. The specialist, a Montana grower, claims that he can produce new potatoes in every month of the year. He grows the tubers in a box. At an exhibition in support of his extraordinary claims, he put on show a package containing potatoes in various stages of growth. Those who were invited to inspect them were astonished at the whole business.

The object lesson was a perfect revelation. The experimenter says that he has perfected a compound which closely resembles soil, and is unique for potato production. In a layer of this marvellous material he sets potato eyes only, not seed potatoes at all. When one layer is completed, another is started and arranged, and the process is continued until the box is filled. He asserts that neither light nor air is necessary for the potatoes. The box with the developing tubers endorse his claims, nevertheless the experts are completely puzzled.



Photo, Parsons, Alsager.

THE ROYAL SHOW: Mr. Robert Taylor's Shorthorn Bull, "Royal Emblem," First Prize and Champion.

The Mating of Poultry.

The terms "cockerel-breeding pen" and "pullet-breeding pen" are used exclusively when dealing with the mating of exhibition birds for colour and marking. For the former, birds are mated to produce males of the correct type, and the females from this pen are generally not of much use for show purposes. For pullets it is, of course, just the opposite, *i.e.*, necessary to breed from birds of different colour or with different head points. It is entirely wrong to imagine that the terms are used to imply that the birds in these pens are mated to produce more cockerels than pullets, and *vice versa*. However, for this purpose certain rules may be followed. For instance, it is generally found that if a vigorous cockerel be mated with not more than three adult hens, the male sex almost always largely predominates in at least the early progeny; at a later period this becomes uncertain. On the other hand, if an adult cock be mated with not more than three pullets the result is very uncertain, the one sex being as likely to occur as the other, although usually there is a decided predominance on one side rather than equality. Again, if an adult cock be mated with five or more pullets, females are generally in excess, and what cockerels there are will be most numerous in the earlier eggs. Young or adult birds mated together are very uncertain. But the fewer the hens and the more vigorous the stock the greater is the proportion of cockerels, which are always more numerous in the earlier than the later eggs of a season.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEES.

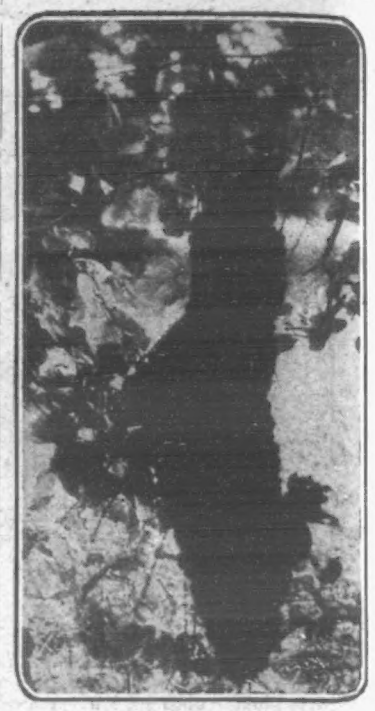
A swarm in July
Is not worth a fly.—*Old adage.*

[SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED.]

During the present weeks the bee-keeper is passing through his busiest season, and it may be of interest to recall how quaint old superstitions still linger. In Hampshire, for example, within forty miles of London, there are still those who would go and tap the hives, and tell them if anyone has died.

A market gardener of some repute quite recently gave me two instances. When her father died, the bees died the same year. She told the men: "Yes. You did not treat 'em right. You ought to have telled the bees that master was dead." So in another case the father died and the bees died, and one of the household declared quite seriously: "We were so very busy at the time we quite forgot to go and speak to the bees." On this point the man-in-the-street may well be a sceptic. From various causes many stocks die naturally every year; the bees may know you and miss you, but it is very hard to believe that they would die of grief in the middle of summer, when the honey-flow is at its height. From another aspect we may be able more reasonably to connect cause and effect. When the master dies, there may be no one else to attend to the bees, and so they may die from cold and starvation. Last winter I can remember a case when fever was in the home and the bees died, but afterwards the owner discovered that during his illness wind and rain had blown off the top of the hive again and again, and that the efforts of a kindly farmer to save the stock had been in vain.

Though not of the slightest value, it is a thousand pities to discourage the old-fashioned folk from hammering away with pot and pan when the



A Swarm of 20,000 Bees.

bees swarm, for it is so amusing a sight.

"When there's a swarm," says the old widow in the thatched cottage, "I always rings 'um with the sweeping-pan and doorkey, or else they won't lodge. The last time I went a-ringing of 'um, one stung me in the face, and I've been deaf ever since. The dumble-dores—*i.e.*, bumble-bees—come to the hives and do no harm, but the wopses terrify the bees. Old granfer 'ud stand on a summer's day hunting for the wopses near the orchard. As they fly in one direction he follows till it brings him to the nesties. Then he pours in half a pint of tar from his watering-can, and then places a turf on the top, and that gives them all a pain in their knowledge-box, and they don't come no more to he.

"The Squire is terrible down on the wopses, as they eats his peaches by the score, worse even than the emmets (*i.e.*, ants), so in the spring he used to give half-a-crown to all who would bring him a dead queen-wopse. But he had to give up adoing of this, as they began to diddle of him by getting them sent by post. So now they gives a prize at the village flower-show for the most nesties, and Master Jenkins won by killing fifty-seven, which he dug out and brought on his donkey-cart. The wopses sneaks into the hives, and you may be boond they don't come out without their belly full."

According to the old adage, the swarm represented in the photograph, if taken as late as July, is not worth a fly, though it may contain twenty thousand bees, but by modern principles of bee-keeping it can be fed up with a few pounds of sugar at the end of the season, and thus turn into a fine stock for next year.

The travelling van was used by the Hants County Council in the several villages, but they now send bee-lecturers from their farm school at Old Basing. A good hive should make about a sovereign a year. I can make as much by a hive as by letting an acre of land; seasons are seldom so bad that they do not pay at all. It is found, however, that many cottagers have given up bee-keeping, and in most cases this must be attributed to an unfortunate lack of enterprise.

The Travelling Bee-Van as used by the Hants County Council.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

We are now half way through the cricket season, and it looks as though something exceptional will have to happen if Lancashire are to be dispossessed of the championship. They are undefeated at the time of writing, having won eight of the twelve matches in which they have participated, and drawn the other four. Sussex have won a trifle over fifty per cent., and Surrey have also done well, but Yorkshire's record of

Photo, Bowden Bros.

Lawn Tennis at Wimbledon: Miss May Sutton, who played so brilliantly in the Championship Meeting last week.

fourteen played, eight won, three lost, and three drawn, scarcely represents the real strength of that county. Notts and Middlesex have a balance of points on the right side, Leicestershire and Gloucestershire halt half way, but all the others have points on the wrong side of the account.

The batting and bowling analysis has also assumed an interesting stage. C. B. Fry is still head and shoulders above his fellows, though he has been steadily dropping back, and many of the others, though still claiming good figures, are not likely to improve on them from now to the finish of the season, the difficulty of doing so increasing day by day. Schofield Haigh had the splendid record of eighty-one wickets with an average of 13·49 at the beginning of this week, his nearest attendants being Thompson and "Jack" Hearne.

Rain quite spoilt the cricket of last week-end. The Australians met Gloucestershire at Bristol, and ran up the big score of 527. Victor treated the spectators to some of his real form and scored a brilliant 108—his first century of the tour. A. J. Hopkins only just missed the century by 7, Joe Darling made 56, and J. J. Kelly carried his bat for 74. At their first attempt Gloucester only scored 115, of which number C. O. H. Sewell and Board made no less than 91. However, thanks to some good batting by C. L. Townsend, Board, and E. T. Godsell, the county managed to save the game, though at the finish they still required 263 runs to avert the innings defeat.

The match between Leicestershire and Notts suffered as much as any from the week-end "watery visitation." Still, play lasted long enough for Knight to add his name to the list of centurions, and he further had the distinction of carrying his bat. At the Crystal Palace W. G. Grace had got a strong team together to try the mettle of the Dark Blues, but no play was possible on the first two days owing to persistent rain. They managed to get a knock on Saturday, but it was too late to decide the merits of the teams.

Doubtless Lancashire would have beaten Sussex at Old Trafford had there been time, but the rain caused what had promised to be an interesting contest to fizzle out. Still, it enabled L. O. S. Poidevin and the Everton footballer, J. Sharp, to add to their list of centuries, the little Australian scoring a fine 138, while Sharp carried his bat for 110.

Only one innings was possible in the Somerset *v.* Worcestershire match at Worcester. The home side did all the batting, and H. K. Foster played a splendid innings of 180. He was ably backed up by Arnold, Pearson, Fowley, the trio scoring 84, 75, and 66 respectively towards a total of 534.

Surrey and Cambridge University was another of the undecideds. Very little play was possible on the first day, the second was blank, and rain caused a late start to be made on the Saturday. Surrey had Hayward and Lees out of the eleven, but they had rather the best of the draw. Hayward, of course, was resting in view of the "test" match at Leeds.

For the third "test" we had what I consider a moderate side. Of course, it was hard luck for A. C. Maclaren to be stricken with rheumatism, and for Wilfrid Rhodes to have a festered finger, but, apart from these unlooked-for and unavoidable circumstances, I am of opinion that to ignore the merits of good fielding—as I take the shunting of Gilbert Jessop and A. O. Jones to mean—is simply suicidal.

We began promisingly enough on Monday, thanks to the luck of F. S. Jackson in winning the toss, but the cricket took a curious course, for, after 50 had gone up without the loss of a wicket, four men were out for 64 runs. Then came the English captain's marvellously fine effort of 144 not out, and, great things as he has done since he left Harrow, nothing finer has ever been accomplished by Jackson. He is well worthy to lead England.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

As an old athlete, and speaking with a long recollection of amateur championship meetings, I can safely aver that that which was decided on Saturday last at Stamford Bridge was the most important of any I have assisted at. A beautiful afternoon followed a stormy morning, but the heavy rain of the early hours had rendered the track heavy, and fast times were scarcely to be expected. Still, all disabilities given in, it was a great day for athletics.

Photo, Park.

Swimming at Highgate Ponds: Billington, who won the one-mile championship and also broke the English record.

There were several surprises, and in more than one case was the holder beaten. J. W. Morton retained his hold of the 10 yds. by an easy victory over J. P. Stark, of the West of Scotland Harriers, and his time of 10⅕sec., on a loose and heavy track, was a very fine performance. The mile was another event worth going a long way to see, it being anybody's race in the last lap. In the end G. Butterfield, of Darlington, just outstayed J. M. Gough, of the West of Scotland Harriers, who in turn had nothing to spare with E. Gardner, Brighton and County Harriers, the latter occupying the third position.

The final of the hurdles was completely spoilt by mishaps to R. S. Stronach and E. S. Amsler. The latter is an American, and, profiting by the Scot striking the first hurdle, he gained a big lead and appeared to be winning easily. However, he struck the eighth hurdle and nearly came a cropper, and at the ninth he blundered again and measured his length on the turf. This enabled Stronach to recover all his lost ground, and he passed the judges first in 16⅘secs.

The 220yds. introduced a fine runner in H. A. Hyman, of Pennsylvania University. He showed that on a favourable day and on a fast track he could do something out of the common for, though he took 22⅘secs. he beat the holder, C. H. Jupp, by 5yds., and to me that speaks far more eloquently than the watch. The half-mile was run in heats, an innovation which should be avoided if possible, for two half-miles in one afternoon is too much for anybody. B. J. Blunden won, but R. P. Crabbe threw his chance away by making his effort too soon.

The sensation of the day was provided by the defeat of Alfred Shrubb, who went under to J. Smith, of the Salford Harriers, in the four miles race. The winner is a likely-built young fellow, with an easy raking stride, and he fully deserved his victory. Shrubb cut out the work as though to score an easy win, but Smith, after being apparently out of it, caught the crack at a mile and a half, and was leading, and apparently holding the ex-champion when the latter came a cropper. What effect it had on his prospects, of course, I don't know, but to my thinking the Horsham wonder was beaten at the time.

The Edinburgh Harrier, W. Halswell, ran very well in the quarter, and his time of 50⅕secs. was very good on the heavy track. G. E. Larner retained his title of champion in the two miles walk without an effort, and A. Russell scored another ready win in the steeplechase from A. Aldridge, the national cross-country champion.

Photo, Hawkings, Brighton.

G. L. Jessop, who last week made 234 runs in 155 minutes for Gloucester against Somerset.

Some excellent performances were witnessed in the field events. The holder, P. O'Connor, cleared 23ft. 9½ins. in the long jump, and it stands as the best so far recorded in the championship. Dennis Horgan again won the weight, putting 44ft. 5½ins., and T. R. Nicholson threw the hammer 155ft. 10½ins. There were five competitors, and they all beat the standard. C. Leahy won the high jump with 5ft. 10½ins., and the pole jump was a match between two Frenchmen, Andre Puissegur, Racing Club de France, and Fernand Gouder, Sports Athletique, Bordelais, the latter winning with 10ft. 7ins.

LAWN TENNIS.

Whatever else S. H. Smith has already done, or may accomplish in the course of his career, he will be able to look back with great pride on his doings in the lawn-tennis championships of 1905. To him has gone the honour of beating America's choicest players, and the manner in which he defeated W. A. Larned (the last hope of the States in the championship) last Saturday was most brilliant. Norman Brookes, of Australia, bore out the good opinion that my friend, L. O. S. Poidevin, has always held of him, and Miss May Sutton, the youthful American, showed simply marvellous form.

SWIMMING.

As I anticipated, B. B. Kieran, the young Australian, found D. Billington a "tough nut" last Saturday in the contest for the mile amateur championship at Highgate Ponds. This event was the chief item on the programme of the Royal Life-Saving Society's fourteenth annual gala, and it proved a highly exciting race to the 70,000 spectators who surrounded the vast natural arena. Altogether there were nine starters, but the contest soon

Photo, Bridge.

Mr. John McGough, who won the mile at the S.A.A.A. Meeting at Ibrox, Glasgow, on June 24. He has won this event three years in succession, and is also ex-champion at the half-mile and four-mile distances.

resolved itself into a match between the two cracks. Kieran got away well, and maintained his lead until half the distance had been covered, when Billington caught him. From thence the Bacup man went steadily away from the Australian, and finally won by 50yds. in the fresh British record time of 24min. 42⅖secs. The world's record is 23min. 16⅘secs. by Kieran. In the breast-stroke competition F. W. Naylor, Hornsey S.C., was again victorious, while G. M. Clark once more won the National Graceful Diving Competition.

GOLF.

In the eight a-side match between the House of Commons and the Raynes Park Club on Saturday, at Raynes Park, the M.P.'s were badly beaten in the foursomes by 4 points to 0, after leading by 5 points to 3 in the singles. Thus the home club won by 7 points to 5.

RAPID AND PERMANENT REDUCTION OF WEIGHT
BY
ANTIPON.

Disturbing as it may be to realise that you are rapidly putting on flesh, and that notwithstanding a restricted dietary, amounting almost to famine rations, the growth of fat is persistent, there need be no cause for alarm. Without food limitation, sweating, drugging, or any other out-worn abuses that have wrought so much harm in the past, Antipon will rapidly and permanently cure the most obstinate cases of obesity, and increase strength and vitality at the same time. Food is the very fuel of life, and, corpulent or not, no one can do without ample nourishment. Whilst gradually absorbing and eliminating from the system every particle of superabundant and diseased fatty matter, Antipon, by its splendid tonic action, increases appetite and improves digestion. The result is to effect an exchange. Sound muscular tissue is formed in lieu of the flabby, fat-sodden tissue that makes the limbs formless and the features pallid and bloated; new rich blood replaces the impoverished fluid impregnated with fatty matter. Hence improved health, and greater vitality and mental and physical energy, together with renewed beauty of face and figure, are the priceless blessings conferred by a short course of the famous Antipon treatment.

Antipon positively assures a rapid and permanent reduction of weight. A day and a night after beginning the treatment there will be a decrease of 8oz. to 3lb., according to the case, conditions of age, &c. Then day by day there is a rapid and sure diminution and return to normal weight and symmetrical proportions. This attained the doses may cease. The cure is absolutely complete and lasting. There are no restrictions as to mode of living; no drugging or sweating. Antipon itself is a pleasant tonic liquid, of harmless vegetable constituents, and causes no physical discomfort whatever.

The hundreds of grateful men and women who have voluntarily testified to the unfailing virtues of Antipon are as loud in praise of its re-strengthening, re-vitalising properties as of its marvellous, permanently reductive, and re-beautifying effects.

From all Chemists & Price 2/6 & 4/6.

Antipon

The Recognized Standard Remedy for the Permanent Cure of Corpulence.

STOUT reader, think a little! You have perhaps tried many so-called remedies for over-stoutness, and failed. At best, you found such remedies only temporary. You have doubtless discovered that the methods of fat reduction you were induced to try starved and exhausted you, and were responsible for your fits of depression, loss of energy, and symptoms of debility. Now think! You have in Antipon not only a *permanent* cure for obesity, but a strengthening tonic cure, a pleasant and harmless cure—one that goes to the root of the evil and eradicates the *tendency* to get fat, no matter what you eat. Thousands of grateful men and women have said so in letters of thanks to the Antipon Company. Why not try Antipon without further delay? You will never regret it. Antipon reduces weight quickly. Within a day and a night of first dose there is a decrease varying from 8 oz. to 3 lb., and afterwards a steady daily reduction. When normal weight and correct proportions are regained, the doses may be discontinued altogether; *the cure is permanent.* Antipon promotes appetite and assists digestion. Wholesome food is Antipon's only ally. Take plenty of it; it will not fatten you any more, but will go to make rich blood and solid muscle and strong nerves.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2/6 and 4/6, by chemists, stores, etc., or, should difficulty arise, may be had (on remitting amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

MURDERING JEWS TO KEEP RUSSIAN PEASANTS BUSY.

Anti-Semitic Riots in Russian Towns and Villages, of which the Details have been Suppressed hitherto.—No longer any doubt that Official Encouragement was given to the Agitation for the purpose of providing "Sport" to Mobs that otherwise would have Turned their Attention to the Government Officials.—The Awful Story of the Outbreak at Jitomir.

(From a Correspondent.)

St. Petersburg, July 1.—During the last few weeks there has been a revival of Jew-baiting in various parts of Russia, and particularly in the western provinces bordering on Germany and Austria—that is, in those parts of the Russian Empire which ought to be most accessible to western culture and civilisation. These anti-Semitic outbreaks have not received adequate attention in the newspaper press of Russia or of other countries. Laconic official reports, issued in St. Petersburg and communicated by cable to other parts of the world, have supplied merely the barest hint of ghastly horrors which would shock the conscience of the civilised world if they were fully known and understood.

Since the Russian Easter—that is, the end of April according to our calendar—there have been anti-Semitic riots in a score of Russian towns and in about fifty Russian villages. In the course of these riots more than 500 Jews were killed and, approximately, 10,000 wounded. In addition to these casualties, it has been ascertained that more than 1,000 Jewish women were outraged. Several hundred houses belonging to Jews were entirely demolished and razed to the ground. Five hundred shops belonging to Jews were completely plundered and sacked, and 1,000 dwellings inhabited by Jews were looted. These figures, however, terrible as is the tale which they tell, do not convey an adequate impression of the horrors which were enacted by the bloodthirsty mobs of fanatical Jew-baiters.

Fostered by General Trepoff.

One of the worst features of this concerted outbreak of anti-Semitism in different parts of the country was the official support which was given to the anti-Jewish agitation. Those who are well informed regarding the course of political events behind the scenes in Russia ascribe this official support of violent anti-Semitism to General Trepoff, who, although nominally nothing more than Governor-General of St. Petersburg, is really the most powerful man in Russia. General Trepoff considers that it is good policy on the part of the Russian Government to encourage active Jew-baiting among the Russian people in order to withdraw popular attention from domestic affairs and from the collapse of the Russian army and navy in the Far East. General Trepoff believes that, if the Russian populace, so to speak, lets off steam by massacring and bludgeoning the Jews, they will be less inclined to be discontented with the conduct of the war and with the domestic policy of the Government. Consequently, General Trepoff has exerted all his influence in favour of violent anti-Semitism, and it has been proved beyond doubt that the recent outbreaks in the western provinces of the Russian Empire were instigated by agitators who came from St. Petersburg and were actively supported by the local authorities.

Sowing the Seeds of Bloodshed.

One of the worst outbreaks took place at Jitomir, the capital of the province of Volhynia. About three weeks before the anti-Jewish riots began six strangers arrived from St. Petersburg and began to prepare the ground for the accomplishment of their bloodthirsty design. They waited on the orthodox Greek Archbishop of Jitomir, and made representations to him regarding the evil influence which the Jews exercised over the Russian nation. They declared that the Government had proof that the Jews all over Russia were the sworn enemies of the orthodox Greek Church, and were scheming not only to overthrow absolute government, but also to bring about the confiscation of the vast wealth of the State Church for the relief of taxpayers. They reminded the Archbishop that the Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostzeff, is a confirmed anti-Semite, and has frequently given his support to anti-Semitic outbreaks. They persuaded the Archbishop to look with favour on Jew-baiting, and in the course of a few days they had contrived to convince his Eminence that it would be most advantageous if the Jews of Jitomir were severely chastised for their revolutionary and irreligious opinions.

These agitators from the capital also put themselves in communication with the General commanding the 11th Russian Army Corps, whose headquarters are at Jitomir. They worked on him by means of similar arguments, and experienced little difficulty in obtaining from him a promise that his troops should not interfere to protect the Jews if an outbreak should take place. Popular feeling against the Jews was worked up in a variety of ways. Thousands of pamphlets were circulated in which statements were printed to the effect that the Jews were bloodsuckers and traitors, and primarily responsible for all the troubles of the Russian nation. Strong anti-Semitic articles were launched into the local newspapers, and the local priests were induced to preach sermons advocating violence against the Jews. Local agitators were hired at a price of one rouble a day to go about among the masses of the common people and to stir popular feeling against the Israelites up to boiling-point. After these preliminary preparations had been completed, the agitators, with the help of local anti-Semites, organised a systematic plan, which was put into execution on lines similar to those followed on former occasions with such terrible success at Kichineff, Homel, and other places.

Penned in the Synagogue.

The beginning of the Jewish Sabbath on Friday evening was chosen for the beginning of the outbreak. At sunset all the Jews of Jitomir, who are strictly orthodox, close their shops and withdraw from their ordinary occupations to observe the Sabbath until sunset on Saturday. On this particular Friday evening about 3,000 Jews had assembled in the largest synagogue of the city and 2,000 Jews had assembled in another large synagogue. Shortly before sunset a dangerous rabble collected by the anti-Semitic agitators began to assemble at several points outside the city and at several places within the city, in order to march by converging routes against the Ghetto, which is a separate quarter of the town. This rabble consisted of peasants from the surrounding villages and of the scum of the urban population, which is always ready for riot and plunder. It was divided into ten different bands, and numbered more than seven thousand men.

A SPECIMEN OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS, who make the most bloodthirsty Jew-baiters.

RESIDENCE OF JEWISH BANKER, AARONS, which was sacked by an Anti-Semitic mob near Jitomir.

The large synagogue was the first object of their attack. First of all the sacred building was surrounded, in order to prevent the escape of the worshippers. The leaders of the mob, then hammered on the doors, which are kept locked during divine service and demanded admittance. Their heavy blows on the door alarmed the congregation, and men and women alike abandoned their devotions to gaze terror-stricken in the direction from which the noise came. Their suspense did not last long. Finding that the door would not be opened voluntarily, the mob rammed it and broke into the synagogue without much difficulty. With a yell of triumph, the dangerous rabble invaded the synagogue and began to attack the Jews.

Every man in the mob was armed with a thick stock, while a number had come provided with knouts, and a few were armed with revolvers. As the assailants poured in through the main entrance, the Jews in the synagogue sought to escape by four other exits, where they were met by the remainder of the mob and driven back into the building. The invading force struck their victims with their heavy sticks, regardless of consequences.

Awful Scenes.

Horrible scenes were witnessed during this attack. A group of Jew-baiters headed for the altar and belaboured the Chief Rabbi until he was beaten to a pulp of unrecognisable flesh and bones. The junior Rabbis who were assisting him to conduct divine service were likewise beaten to death. In the body of the synagogue men and women alike were knocked down and trampled under foot by the infuriated mob. A venerable, grey-haired Jew, eighty years of age, stood near a pillar calmly awaiting his fate. When a number of assailants approached him he appealed to them to stop the bloodshed before they were burdened with the guilt of too many innocent lives. A terrific blow on the head smashed his skull so that he fell dead on the spot.

Many similar scenes were enacted. Women threw themselves upon their assailants and clung desperately to the arms upraised to chastise them, and besought mercy from the merciless mob. In corners little groups of Jews with their backs to the wall were fighting with improvised weapons in a vain effort to beat off their persecutors. The floor of the synagogue was strewn with dead and wounded. The shrieks of the injured and dying mingled with the triumphant shouts of the Jew-baiters created a deafening din. Suddenly the lights went out, which prevented the mob from continuing their work of destruction for fear of belabouring one another instead of their victims. The word was passed round in the darkness to leave the synagogue and to renew the attack on the Jews in another part of the Ghetto. When the enemy had gone lights were brought, and the full extent of the disaster became evident. Eighteen men and twenty-two women had been killed in the fray. The forty corpses, most of which were battered and bruised to such an extent as to render their identification difficult, were reverently removed for burial. In all 360 men and 440 women had been more or less wounded.

Horrors Elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the mob was continuing its work of destruction elsewhere. The second large synagogue in Jitomir had been attacked almost simultaneously with the first one, and almost identical scenes of horror were enacted therein. Other bands of Jew-baiters had marched through the Ghetto, breaking into houses, and cruelly maltreating the Jewish inhabitants. In some cases Jews who were hiding in attics and cupboards were dragged out and beaten to death on their own hearths. During the night twenty more persons were killed, and between two or three hundred were wounded.

The same cruelty, with slight variations, was practised at other towns and villages. At Kisslowodsk, a village in the vicinity of Wlodawa, in the province of Siedlce, one of the most barbarous crimes was perpetrated. In this village there was only one Jewish family, consisting of father, mother, one girl aged nineteen, and one boy aged seventeen. When anti-Semitic riots began in Wlodawa the inhabitants of Kisslowodsk felt the necessity of arranging their own special display of Jew-baiting, and selected their only Jewish family as their natural victims. Hearing rumours of impending attack, this family, named Hirschmann, barricaded itself in its own cottage by placing shutters held by iron bars before the windows, and piling furniture against the doors.

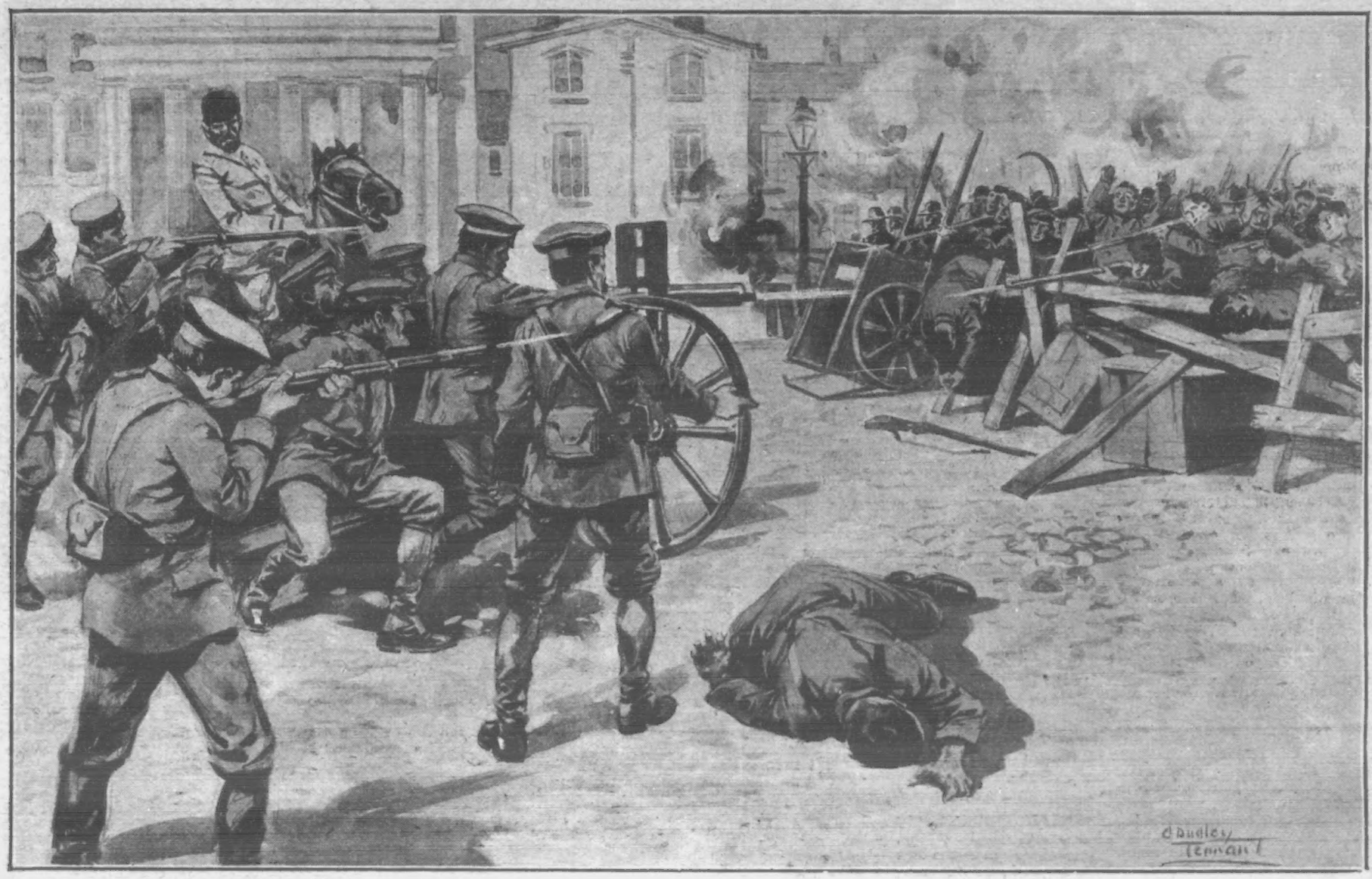
Almost all the inhabitants of the village, headed by their elders, and accompanied by women and children, came in a body to bait the Hirschmanns. Finding that their intention of attacking had been betrayed, and that the cottage was already barred, the mob withdrew for a short consultation, in the course of which the village butcher exclaimed, "Let us burn the Jews out!" The idea was received with enthusiasm, and logs of wood and faggots dipped in petroleum were brought and piled against the sides of the wooden structure. The pile was set alight, and in a few minutes the whole cottage was ablaze. The mob stood round the fire, sticks in hand, ready to beat the four Jews to death when they emerged and ran for their lives. The Jews, however, did not appear. Either they preferred to perish in the flames rather than fall into the hands of their persecutors, or the precautions which they had taken to barricade their doors and windows prevented them from escaping from the cottage in time. Their charred remains were subsequently found among the ashes.

Not to be Killed, but only Maimed.

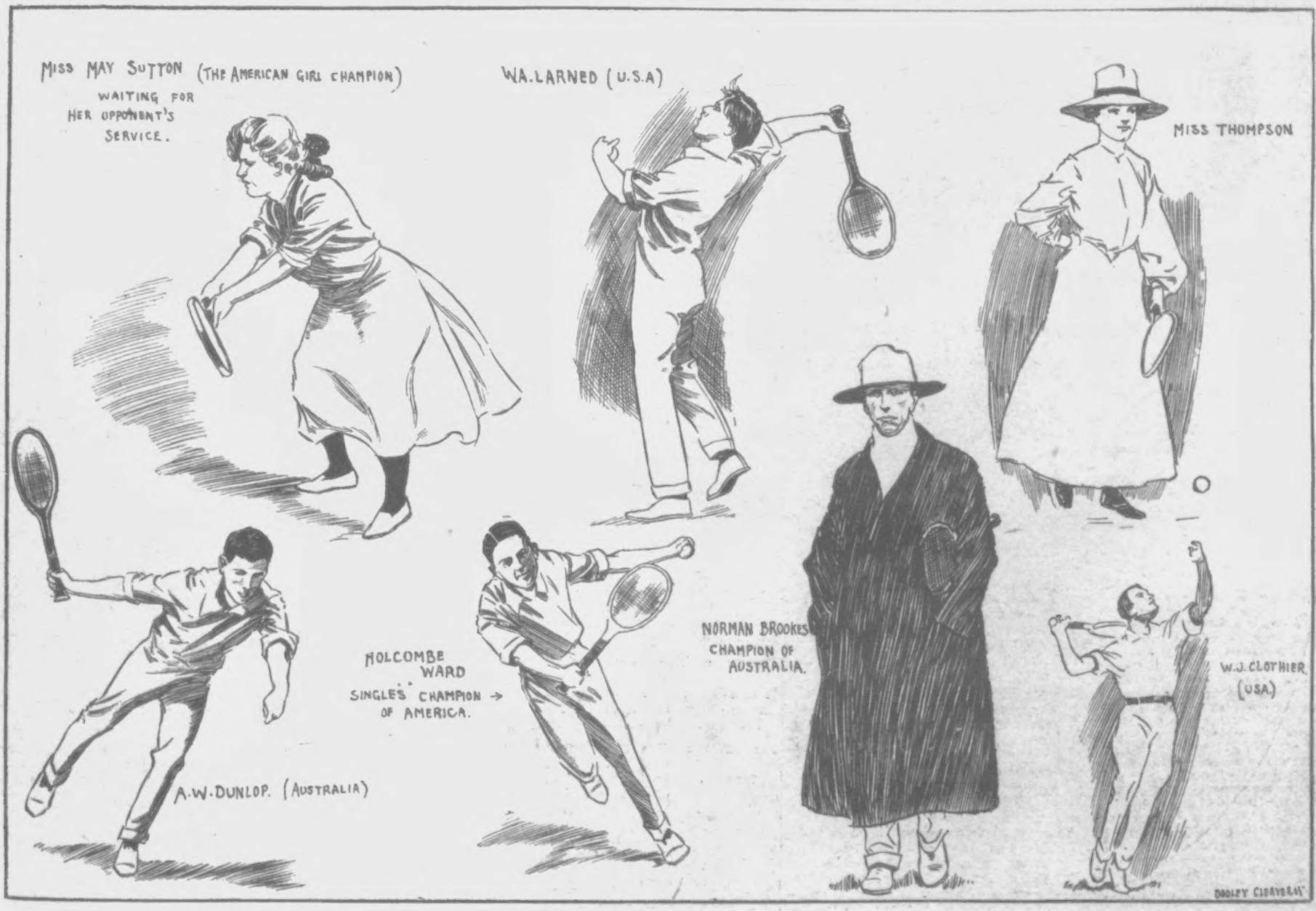
At Mariampol, in the province of Suwalki, word was passed around among the Jew-baiters, not to kill, but to maim the Jews. Accordingly, the mob there stopped short of actual murder, but made up for the omission by torturing the victims who fell into their hands. After catching each Jew they proceeded to twist his arm until it broke, or to smash his finger-bones with blows of a huge club, or to wrench out one or two teeth with a common pair of pincers, or otherwise to subject him to torture.

Sergius Volkhovsky.

THE TOWN OF KISSLOWODSK, where an Anti-Semitic mob burned four Jews alive.



THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA: Fighting in the streets of Odessa. In one conflict between the Cossacks and the people of the city over a thousand men, women, and children who had barricaded the street were mercilessly slaughtered by machine-guns.



THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON: Special sketches by a "P.I.P." Artist.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A Plea for the Servants' Sweethearts.

The servants' sweethearts are usually the bugbear of mistresses, but there is something to be taken into consideration, even from the standpoint of the mistress, before utterly condemning the young man who is so contemptuously designated a "follower."

Naturally, there are sweethearts and sweethearts. There is the man who comes into the house without the mistress knowing it, and hides in the cellar when footsteps are heard; there is the other man who lounges up to the door and boldly rings, smoking a cigarette or a pipe, and asks for the maid in a lordly tone, as though the place belonged to him. But these are the exceptions after all.

Mistresses generally look askance at the servants young men because they fear that the said young men may not be honest, and may, when they know that the mistress is out, cajole the maid to let them come in. So many foolish girls have been easily duped by artful but prepossessing young men that there is certainly some foundation for this fear on the part of the lady of the house.

On the whole, however, does it not depend upon the kind of girl you have in the house? If you have a respectable girl, and if you have tried to act towards her in a motherly way, as you would like your own daughter to be treated, why object to the existence of a young man, as most mistresses do? All girls are not foolish or disobedient!

Have you ever thought what it means to the girl herself? She is confined indoors all day, ready to do your bidding at any moment from the time she rises in the morning till that in which she retires for the night. She goes out twice a week, it may be, for a few hours; yes, you send her out for errands or with the children, in addition, that may be, but only on those two occasions is she free to do what she likes. In thousands of small houses the servant is one by herself, taking her meals alone, having no free intercourse with other people! Finally, she is human, and life to her is the same as to her mistress!

From the mistress's point of view, there is often something to be gained from the existence of the young man. The girl has a new interest in life; she has something to look forward to. She feels brighter, happier, as we all do when we have something to look forward to! She is waiting for Thursday evening or Sunday afternoon; she is remembering the last walk out, and she works all the better for this experience. Is that not ultimately beneficial to the mistress?

A Quaint Marriage Custom.

A marriage custom of the good old days, which many brides would like to see revived, is the giving of the Dow Purse. This was a sum of money placed in a purse and given by the bridegroom to the bride either on the evening of their marriage or the next morning.

Another phrase of the same thing obtained formerly in Cumberland, where the bridegroom provided himself with gold and crown pieces. At the words "With all my worldly goods I thee endow" in the marriage service, he gave the clergyman his fee, and poured the rest of the money into a handkerchief held out by the bride.

In some places it was customary for the bride, on the day following her marriage, to ask her husband for a gift of money or property, and he was in honour bound to grant her request.

WHEN TO MARRY.

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind, and true.

When February birds do mate
You may wed nor dread your fate.

If you wed when March winds blow
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.

Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man.

Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.

Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.

They who in July do wed
Must labour always for their bread.

Whoever wed in August be,
Many a change are sure to see.

Marry in September shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.

If in October you do marry
Love will come, but riches tarry.

If you wed in bleak November
Only joy will come, remember.

When December's snow falls fast—
Marry, and true love will last!

Photo, Sawyer.

MISS ELLICE BEERE, who conducts our "World of Women" page.

Photo, Langfier.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, who has just given birth to a daughter.

The Truth About Man.

"A spinster" has just written an amusing book with this title. There is a lot of truth in much of what she says. She divides men and women into three classes:

"Women are of three kinds—those who gamble with an eye to the main chance; those who play for love of the game; those who look on. The first always marry; the second sometimes do; the third do not.

"Man, as a whole, may be roughly divided into three distinct species, which I will call the Bold, the Shy, and the Tough.

"The first is composed of those self-assured and amorous males who fall in love with, and woo ardently, every other woman they meet. The second is made up of the world's good fellows, who have a great reverence for all women, and often silently adore one for life without telling her so, having no opinion of themselves. The third species is concerned only with getting on and making money, is absolutely indifferent to women, and marries only as a matter of expediency.

"The first of these we unhesitatingly condemn—and find irresistible. The second we admire profoundly, praise without stint—and ignore utterly. The third we dislike, despise—and marry."

This is what "a spinster" has to say about man's attitude towards the love of woman:

"Having remarked upon the fact that Man does not desire reasoning power or honesty of soul in a woman, we may go farther, and, as the old proverb saith—'fare worse.' For we shall then discover that there is another faculty he would fain do without, and that one upon which we have been taught to pride ourselves—I mean the faculty of loving. A woman's love is the last thing a man craves, though one might think, when he is courting, that his very life depended on the getting of it! But the thing he calls 'love' is simply acquiescence. He cries 'Return my love' when he means 'Don't repel me'; for no man ever yet wanted his love returned, though I believe some of them really think they do. Perhaps we may grant that one in a thousand does wish to be loved in the true way; but the other nine hundred and ninety-nine desire merely surrender, homage, and submission."

The Sun as a Beauty Doctor.

Direct sunshine gives gloss to hair of any shade; but fair hair it renders like burnished gold, says a well-known doctor.

Gooseberry Cheesecakes.

Ingredients: One quart of gooseberries, two ounces of butter, two ounces of breadcrumbs, four beaten eggs, sugar to taste, light short crust.

Wash the gooseberries in vinegar and water, set them over a slow fire in cold water, and put a lid on the pan. When the fruit is soft but unbroken, drain the water off, press it through a coarse hair sieve, add two ounces of dissolved butter, two ounces of breadcrumbs, and four well-beaten eggs. Sugar to sweeten the whole should be added last of all. Line patty-pans with light short crust, pour in the mixture, and bake. Sift sugar over just before serving.

Devilled Crab.

Take the meat from a fairly large crab and chop it; mix with salt, pepper, vinegar, and mustard, adding enough cream to make all moist. Return the meat to the shells, cover with breadcrumbs, put little bits of butter over, and brown in the oven. Serve very hot, and hand a little mayonnaise sauce with it.

Cocoanut Cakes.

Mix together half a pound of flour, three ounces of grated cocoanut, three ounces of caster sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub in three ounces of butter, and mix with one egg and a little milk. Knead up stiffly, put rough pieces the size of a walnut on a greased tin, and bake in a quick oven.

Cheese Puffs.

Required: Six ounces of cheese, a tablespoonful of cornflour, yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of cream, one ounce of butter, half a pound of rough puff paste, a pinch of ground mace, pinch of cayenne pepper.

Put the grated cheese and a tablespoonful of cornflour into a basin, mix thoroughly, flavour with a pinch of mace and cayenne, add the yolks of eggs, the cream and butter, the latter being "oiled." Work the mixture till smooth, pour into a saucepan, and stir over the fire until it begins to thicken, then let cool. Take some light puff paste, roll it out to pieces of even size, spread one with the mixture, moisten the edges, brush over with beaten egg, cut into squares, and bake for fifteen minutes. Serve very hot with grated Parmesan cheese sifted over.

To Destroy the Odour of Paint.

Slice two or three onions and place them in a large pail of water in the middle of the room, and leave it there all night. If the smell has not gone off in the morning, repeat the process. Hay is often used in the water instead of the cut onions; but, though sweeter smelling itself, it is, perhaps, less efficacious.

Green Pea Soup.

Ingredients: Half a peck of old peas in shells, one onion or lettuce, a handful of spinach, one quart of stock, one ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, pepper and salt.

Wash nearly half a peck of old peas in the shells and drain. Just split the pods and put all on to cook in stock, adding a small onion, a lettuce, and a handful of spinach. When tender pass the peas and pulp of the shells through a hair sieve; put all back into a saucepan, add one ounce of butter worked into half an ounce of flour. Stir till boiling, flavour with pepper and salt. Lastly, add a teacupful of peas, boiled separately, and, if you have it to spare, a little cream.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Hockey Girl at Bay.

Who (among girls) are the best players of hockey, tennis, and cricket? who ride and drive, cycle and motor, swim and walk? Is it not the Girton girl—the Newnham girl—the girl who can read the world's classics each in the mother-tongue—the girl who is at home among men of science and literary culture? Surely the cultivation of our muscles is not the sign for the neglect of our brains and higher faculties.—Correspondent in the *Treasury*.

How Women Eat.

Women eat such queer things when they are by their lonely selves. What self-respecting man would lunch off a sultana cake, a tart, or an ice? Show me the self-respecting woman who has not done it! Women know how to cook—some of them—but none of them know how to eat. A woman feels that to eat well and substantially is a sheer waste. If it were not for men women would wrap themselves in sable and point lace and starve to death.—Mrs. John Lane in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Petticoat Philosophy.

We are always frightened about ills, which cease to deserve the name owing to the change of our thoughts and inclinations.—Mme. de Sévigné.

* * *

To live through but one perfect hour of life,
With hope enlarging all the space beyond,
Is better than a life-time.
—Harriet Hamilton King.

* * *

Humility's so good,
When pride's impossible.
—E. B. Browning.

* * *

To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand playing with finely-ordered variety on two chords of emotion—a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge.—G. Eliot.

* * *

Hope who never yet eyed the goal,
With arms flung forth, and backward floating hair,
Touches, embraces, hugs the invisible.
Christina Rossetti.

* * *

When friendship become love, they blend like two streams, of which the most famous absorbs even the name of the other.—Mlle. de Scudéri.

* * *

Every man is practically three men. There is the man you know before he proposes; there is the man you have accepted; there is the man you have married.—John Oliver Hobbes.

* * *

Of all that has been given,
Love is the gift that brings us nearer Heaven
Than any other gift the world can hold,
And perfect love is nearest perfect bliss.—Violet Fane.
(From the *Evening Standard*.)

Photo, E. Brooks.

A Little Playmate of Royalty: Miss Lelia Ponsonby, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby, who are attached to the Court.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Do some clever novelists and dramatists, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, take their almost uncanny knowledge of women's ways and women's hearts from experience, or a kind of divine intuition? was the question I heard discussed at a dinner-table recently, Lady Violet Greville writes in the *Graphic*. Some thought experience absolutely necessary, while others believed the gift to be God-given. It is certain that most male novelists who have struck the right note in analysis, usually enjoyed a good deal of experience of the fair sex, though a close and careful observer might, of course, watch and note the salient points of a woman's temperament. Still, society is the sworn enemy of a woman's real self, and she rarely shows it, if she ever shows it at all, except to her lover or her enemy, to either of whom she may reveal her inner nature. It is curious to note that while men have on many occasions painted women with unerring truth and felicity, women never seem quite to grasp a man's ideals or mode of thought. It is, perhaps, because they are lacking in the experience acquired by men in the course of their love affairs?

Mr. Belasco desires to make one point in answer to those London actor-managers who have declared that they do not fear the American Theatrical Trust in this country. He says that all the great American actor-managers laughed, as some of the London ones laughed, at the inroads of the Trust. They thought themselves impregnable. At the present time there is not one manager in America in the position of Mr. Tree, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Lewis Waller, or Mr. Bourchier. All the others are, Mr. Belasco points out, the servants of the Trust. Many of them openly bemoan their position, but declare themselves bound and hopeless. So far as London is concerned, Mr. Belasco states, things will move slowly, but very surely. We shall see theatre after theatre secured by the American Trust. We shall see authors and actors bought up wholesale. We shall see Art banished, and Commerce supreme.

The question as to what theatre managers are to do to put an end to the talking which goes on during the progress of the play among *blasé* members of the audience is an old one which, apparently, only the good sense of the majority can decide. Heroic measures were taken one night, a couple of years ago, at the Lyric, by Mr. Forbes Robertson. Looking hard at a box whence laughter and talking proceeded, he said: "Will the people in that box kindly cease talking? It will be impossible to go on with the play unless they do." A round of applause from the rest of the house, then silence; and the play proceeded without interruption to the end. When the curtain had finally descended, the man responsible for the box in which the disorder had occurred went round to Mr. Forbes Robertson and apologised, and to the end of its run "The Light that Failed" was heard without unseemly interruption.

But then there are not many men who can carry off a protest in this fashion. A smaller man stopped short in a song in "The Belle of New York," and, pointing to a man in the stalls, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is in front of me in the stalls a man who has been reading a newspaper the whole evening. It is most disgusting, and I must ask you to excuse me from singing any more." The man in front said, in tones loud enough to be generally heard, that he should read his paper, if he chose, in the seat for which he had paid. And he was as good as his word, and the performance went on with him still seemingly engrossed in the day's news. Perhaps, after all, the best way to prevent interruption from the audience is to make the play so attractive that conversation palls as a counter-attraction. What is wanted is that realism which appealed to the two newsboys who were seeing "Hamlet" for the first time. The duel had been fought; they saw the Queen poisoned before their eyes; they saw Laertes killed, the King killed, Hamlet killed. There was a crash and a clatter in the gallery, as upstarted one of the newsboys. "Come on, Jimmy," he said excitedly to his companion, "there'll be special editions out for this."

Mr. Bernard Shaw's play for the Actors' Orphanage Fund Fête at the Botanic Gardens on July 14 is intended by its producers to eclipse all records, for it is proposed to give it at least half a dozen times during the afternoon. Outside the booth the showmen who will "beat the brass" will be Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Brandon Thomas; Miss Pollie Brough will be a woman with an apple stall; and inside the pay-box of the booth Mrs. Bucktone will preside over the cash and the sale of tickets. The play bill will read like this:

"Passion, Poison, and Petrifaction—or, the Fate[illegible]
A New and Original Tragesty in One Act
by the Chelsea Shakespeare
G. B——d S——w

Lady Magnesia FitzTollemache ..... Miss Irene Vanbrugh
Phyllis (her maid) ..... Miss Nancy Price
George FitzTollemache (her husband) ..... Mr. Eric Lewis
Adolphus Bastable (a leader of fashion) ..... Mr. Cyril Maude
Landlord ..... Mr. Lennox Pawle
Policeman ..... Mr. Arthur Williams
Doctor ..... Mr. G. P. Huntley

Place: The West End of London.
Period: Not for an age, but for all time.
Choir of Invisible Angels, Messrs. Newton Mason, C. Tucker, L. Maney, and J. Humphrey.

It may be interesting to add that Mr. Eric Lewis will play the villain of the piece, and that the "angels" who sing in the distance only know "Bill Bailey."

Sir Henry Irving has had a rather amusing experience in a Scottish law court, and has expressed an unfavourable opinion of photographers as tricky persons who reproduced old portraits. Sir Henry says a picture of himself was published, taken sixteen years ago. But the popular actor was very forgiving, for he purchased several pounds' worth of the photographer's productions, although considered he was charged a stiff price. Public and popular men like Sir Henry are certain to be victimised at times, and they are generally satisfied with the advertisement it gives them. A new and most agreeable likeness of the famous actor appeared in the *Era* last week.

The clever playwright, Mr. Haddon Chambers, has just finished a new fantastic musical comedy, in two acts, the title being "Mr. Flame." The score is supplied by Mr. Bernard Holt, and I hear that the comedy has been secured by Mr. George Edwardes, to be produced in the coming autumn. The author refers to his work as "a realistic play with one big dash of fantasy running through it," and states that there is a great part for the comedian chosen for the principal character. The story, quite a modern one, takes place in an English country town. Mr. Chambers also has nearly finished a new modern comedy, in three acts, which at present he calls "Sir Anthony." Mr. N. C. Good has secured the American rights.

The remainder of Mr. Frank Curzon's lease of the Comedy has been taken over by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who will produce there about August 21 a new play that he has written, which bears the title of "The Duffer," Mr. Grossmith having a character that he trusts will be very amusing. Apart from this, there will be matter of a more serious kind in the play, which deals with the life of a modern painter, the action taking place in various studios; this being a subject Mr. Grossmith is well acquainted with.

On August 7 Mr. Hayden Coffin severs his connection with Mr. George Edwardes's company, after being a member for nine years. Mr. Coffin has received a number of flattering offers to appear at other West-end theatres.

Mr. Frederick Mouillot will, in August, produce a comedy farce in three acts with the title, "What the Butler Saw." The farce will be seen at a West-end theatre. The work, which is the joint production of Judge Parry and Mr. Mouillot, has been successfully given at Southampton with the title, "The Absence of Mrs. Barrington," the principal part being played by Mrs. Mouillot.

Mr. Alfred Sutro's fine dramatic work, "The Walls of Jericho," attained the 250th performance on the 21st of last month, and seems likely to run for a long time, in spite of summer weather and many out-of-door attractions.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

A charming picture of Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Annie Lowther.

Miss Mary Allestree, who has lately been playing Flora Macdonald in "Prince Charlie" and Margery in "Our Flat," now appears as Helen MacGregor in "Rob Roy" at the Hippodrome.

Mr. Hall Caine, who was the guest of the North Lancashire Press Club, gave [(in responding to a toast in his honour) an amusing account of his double that the newspapers have been referring to, and for whose doings the real Hall Caine is not answerable. He says: "I am responsible, though, in the eyes of a public that takes its morning journals seriously. For this ruffian I have already done about fifteen years' hard, and although I don't ask for compensation for a miscarriage of justice, I do ask to be let off now. I am about tired of playing Aunt Sally for an insane person whose friends ought to be taking care of him, if half what is said about him is true."

Mr. Tree's production of "Oliver Twist" will, by many playgoers, be regarded as the event of the season. I have no doubt the distinguished actor will make Fagin the Jew a most striking figure.

The version by Mr. Comyns Carr is in four acts and eight scenes. Opening with Mr. Brownlow's house, we are next taken to Fagin's den, where "the merry old gentleman" teaches the art of picking pockets, &c. Act II. deals with the hall at Chertsey. Act III. brings us once more to Fagin's den, then to a hotel near Hyde Park and London Bridge. Bill Sikes is the prominent figure in the fourth act. Although July 10 will be the last night of the season, we may be sure that "Oliver Twist" will make a sensation in the Autumn. I have heard a rumour of a burlesque on the subject.

Madame Bernhardt's short but brilliant season comes to an end at the Coronet on Saturday. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, our English Bernhardt, has been playing with the great French actress in "Pelleas and Melisande" on Wednesday and Friday, and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is to be given at Fulham on Tuesday and on Thursday at the Camden.

Mr. Martin Harvey and Mr. Cyril Maude have both given their ideas on the subject of chatterers in the theatre. In Mr. Harvey's letter, he says: "The offensive and ill-bred habit is, alas! only too prevalent; but it is one which, save in some cases, the actor has no remedy for, other than deliberately stopping his performance and calling attention to it, and, though I did this on one occasion, I trust I may not be tempted to do it again; the remedy in that instance was much worse than the complaint. The matter really rests in the hands of the audience itself." "When we find the talkers are annoying the audience," writes Mr. Maude, "we always send someone to ask them to keep quiet, and politely point out to them that they are causing a great deal of inconvenience and annoyance. I can assure you that their chatter is often as disturbing to the actors as it is to the audience."

Captain Basil Hood's new musical play, "The Golden Girl," will shortly appear in the provinces; and I understand Mr. Hamish McCann has composed for this play some music of a very melodious and clever character. This work, which is in two acts of an animated and bright nature, will go on tour in August, superintended by Mr. H. Cecil Beryl. The story deals with the difficulties that take place in a ladies' club bearing the name of the Conservatory Club, and Mr. Beryl has secured Miss Louie Pounds for the title-rôle by the courtesy of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti.

A rumour is about that Mr. Cyril Maude has some thoughts of making the Avenue Theatre his future house, but nothing as yet has been decided; and the statement in certain quarters that Mr. Maude has taken the theatre are premature.

Lovers of music will be glad to hear that an autumn season of grand opera will be given at Covent Garden in October and November. It will last for eight weeks, and many of the most famous vocalists will take part. It is to be hoped that time will be given to the weary critics to take a little rest before the autumn season begins. By the way, "The Cat and the Cherub" has been used before as the libretto of an opera; but the critics were caught napping, and appeared to have no knowledge of the fact.

The marriage of Miss Decima Moore, the charming singer and actress, and Major F. G. Guggisberg, Royal Engineers and Director of Surveys at the Gold Coast and Ashanti, takes place almost immediately. Major Guggisberg is a well-known cricketer, and very popular. He has just arrived in England from the Gold Coast.

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, Whitlock.

THE NEW "CATCH OF THE SEASON" at the Vaudeville Theatre. Miss Phyllis Dare, who now plays the title-role previously undertaken by her sister, Miss Zena Dare, and by Miss Ellaline Terriss.

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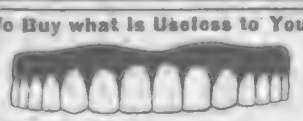

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THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

THE RECAPTURED SLOOP.

Just as the *Buzzard* bulked ghost-like out of the gloom, the firing at Westminster indicated that the enemy's flotilla had arrived, and begun an unexpected attack from the water.

"Bad for them at Westminster, but good for us, sir," observed Steel. "Every man Jack of 'em's gone for'ard in this ship, so they can see what's goin' on. There isn't one of 'em left aft, an' they're so keen on not missin' a bit o' the show at Westminster, 'at they'll never give a thought to any river craft, or suspect' at any attack may be made as we're makin' it. If we'd only a few more men with us—an' a few more rifles! Thank Heaven we've got four—an' plenty of ammunition! I'd rather have them cartridges nor hunks o' gold just now! Steady, sir—now make a grab an' hold tight. This tide runs like a mill-race, an' there'll be precious little chance for any of us if we're upset."

He seized one of the stern mooring-chains of the *Buzzard* as he spoke, and with a strong pull got the boat round the stern and alongside the sloop. He let the tide carry the boat onward, then he gripped the accommodation-ladder, and as Brereton, Spence, and Wall, his fellow soldier, hurried up the steps, each carrying a rifle, Steel made the boat fast, and instantly followed.

Their entrance made no sound, for they had removed their boots and left them in the boat. But even if they had thudded on the deck the entranced men forward would not have heard them. Their whole attention was given to the spectacle of battle which they knew was raging at Westminster.

Even the two sentries who were on duty in the ship had joined them unnoticed by their superior officers. They could be distinguished from the rest by reason of the rifles which were sloped over their shoulders. The figures and the weapons stood out against the lurid sky.

There were other figures, too, on the yards of the foremast and in the rigging—two or three superior officers, who, by virtue of their position as such, had chosen a place from which they could circumvent the bend of the river and over the intervening buildings see the flashes of the combatants' guns.

"What shall we do?" asked Brereton, in savage bewilderment. "I don't know one end of this boat from the other! It's infamous!"

"Follow me, sir," said Steel unceremoniously. "I've watched this ship for hours from the Embankment along with other out-o'-works, but I never thought my loafin' 'ud pay like this!"

He sprang silently to the raised part of the sloop, which commanded the entire deck forward of the mainmast.

"Now, sir," he said questioningly.

"Blaze into 'em, but don't waste a shot!" said Brereton. "First of all, pot the two men with the rifles. Then pick off the fellows up the mast there. They make resistless targets!"

He raised his own weapon—he was a first-rate rifle and revolver shot, and deliberately covered, as well as he could in the darkness, one of the two armed men.

Spence, who had been warned of this, took the other.

"The shots of honour," said Brereton. "Fire!"

The rifles cracked, and one man, with a cry of terror, sprang into the air. The other fell heavily on deck.

When this had happened the men on the foremast—there were three of them—made a furious effort to regain the deck. One of them, in his haste and consternation, missed his footing, and crashed down. Stunned by his fall, he lay motionless. The other two, whose figures were visible against the sky, were picked off just as they were descending the shrouds from the foretop.

"Now for a volley! Into 'em before they've time to think or turn!" shouted Brereton, no longer making any effort to conceal his presence. "But steady, there, Wall. Hang you!" Wall was firing wildly "Do you think this ammunition was made to pot the river with?"

There was a short fierce fusilade, and in the very thick of it the foreigners who had surprised and seized the sloop recovered from their panic and made a mad rush towards the stern.

There was a clear space of deck for such a rush, but the odds were heavily against the invaders, since the resolute quartette were firing from the high structure which had been built over the *Buzzard's* deck when she ceased to be borne on the effective list of the Navy, and was converted into a vessel for drill purposes only.

"Steady!" cried Brereton. "Pot 'em as they come, and no mercy! They'll show none to us if they get at us!"

The rifles cracked steadily until the magazines were empty, then the bayonets were held in readiness to repel any storming, but there was no call for the use of steel. The bullets had killed or crippled the handful of men who had been left in charge of the sloop, for after the capture of the ship most of the troops had been withdrawn to strengthen the invading forces, which were operating ashore.

There was a significant silence on board.

"Anybody hurt?" asked Brereton.

"No," answered Spence, "not so far as I know."

"Anybody missing?" added Brereton.

"All present an' correct, sir," Steel reported.

"There's somebody pretty badly mauled up there," observed Spence, pointing towards the *Buzzard's* bows.

"They'll have to lie on the beds they've made—for the present," said Brereton grimly. "I'm sorry, but it's as much as our skins are worth to leave this place till daylight comes. That won't be long—there's the dawn in the East."

"They're slackin' off Westminster way, sir—I wonder what it means?" said Steel.

"That those slinking little torpedo-boats are wrecked, I hope. They must have done a lot of damage with firing like that. They've got all London as a target, and yet they can only be spotted by their firing. It's only a chance shot or two from the Horse Artillery which is likely to hurt them—but as for them, well, they can run up, blaze away with their eyes shut from their quick-firers, and can be off again almost before their presence has been guessed. It's wonderfully smart work, and you can't help admiring their desperate pluck."

The artillery duel at Westminster was again lulled, and for two or three minutes something almost like peace reigned in the neighbourhood of the river. There were still ominous noises afloat and ashore, but the air was comparatively calm.

"Hello!" exclaimed Brereton abruptly. "There's a queer noise! What is it? Listen"

"Somebody hammering downstairs," observed Spence.

"Yes," added Steel, "there isn't a shadow of doubt about it—somebody's locked up below an' clamourin' to be let out. They're talkin' English, too."

"That mayn't mean much," said Brereton warningly. "During the last day or two a lot of wolves have been going about in sheep's clothing."

"Shall I go below an' try an' fathom the business, sir?" asked Steel.

Brereton hesitated. It might be a trap, an ambush, a subterfuge of some sort, a cunning trick to regain possession of the ship.

"I think we might wait till daylight," he said at last.

"I believe they're English voices—the real thing," continued Steel. "I say, sir, can't you hear 'em? They say they're men belongin' to the *Buzzard* who were surprised when the ship was taken an' made prisoners. An' they say they've been kept locked up below ever since, an' 'at one of the men with the bay'nits was sentry over 'em. I'll run the risk of goin' below, sir, if you'll let me."

"All right," answered Brereton, but still unwillingly. "You seem to know the hang of the ship—which is a puzzle to me. Fill your magazine!" he added warningly.

Steel obeyed and descended from the poop. He made his way below to a spot from which the voices of men came. He was in that part of the sloop which had been made into a large cabin for drill and assemblage purposes, and in the growing dawn he could just make out the objects around him. Satisfied that the imprisoned men really did belong to the sloop, he opened the door of their prison and ordered them to come forth, one at a time.

The first man appeared.

"You aren't a disguised German?" asked Steel, and the answer was so prompt and truly English that he laughed aloud. "No bloomin' foreigner could ever learn to swear like that!" he exclaimed, holding the muzzle of his rifle with his left hand, and gripping the released captive's right hand with his own. "I say, we're havin' what you'd call a hot time, eh?"

Four men, who wore the uniform of the Royal Navy, were standing near him. One was a first-class petty officer, and the other three were seamen gunners. They were borne for instructional purposes.

"Let's get on deck," said the petty officer. "I'm nearly dead an' poisoned! What's goin' on? We've been nearly crazed with curiosity. We know that hell's been let loose, but that's all!"

"Come with me," said Steel, and he led the way to the poop and presented the liberated men to Brereton.

"Got any rifles?" asked Brereton.

The petty officer slipped down the port ladder to the deck, and before he could be stopped snatched up the rifles of the two dead sentries, and sprang back to the young officer's side. "Two, sir," he reported, and Brereton and Spence laughed a'oud.

Steel looked on with disapproval, regarding the act as one which savoured of insubordination. Then he also laughed, remembering that times were changed indeed, and that the rigid discipline of peace could not govern things in time of war. Besides, he recognised that the way of the Navy was not quite the way of the Army, and that in some respects perhaps it was better. It showed more initiative and resourcefulness.

"Very good," commented Brereton. "Very good indeed. I'm thankful for my reinforcement. Now tell me, what are those boats up there?"

"Those ships, sir," replied the petty officer correctingly, "are small destroyers. They've been specially stripped for up-river work."

"I never thought that warships of any sort could get as far as Westminster," continued Brereton. "In fact, I'm bound to say I knew nothing whatever about them. But I'm learning. I shall soon pick it up."

"Yes, sir," said the petty officer. "A lot of people will learn something about the Navy over this business, an' a bit about warships, too. It's a pity they'll have to pay such a fancy price for their learnin', though."

"Now, you're a sailor," continued Brereton briskly. "Tell us what has happened. What's your name, by the-way?"

"Grigg, sir."

"Ah! And I suppose you're a sergeant, or something?"

"Yes, sir, but mostly something There's no sergeants in the Royal Navy, sir—that is, of course, not reckonin' the Jollies. I'm a first-class petty officer, sir." There was a note of reproach, not unmixed with contempt in Grigg's voice; but Brereton so engagingly admitted his entire and hopeless ignorance of naval matters, that Grigg forgave him on the spot, and mentally acknowledged that the young officer was really not half a bad sort—for a soldier.

"Now, sergeant—I mean petty officer," resumed Brereton.

"P'raps you'd better call me Grigg, sir, an' then I shan't get mixed up in your mind with other things," said the petty officer.

"Very well, Grigg. How is it that those boats—I mean ships—have ceased firing?"

"Well, sir," answered Grigg, "I should think somebody's choked their luff."

"Thank you," said Brereton. "I suppose you put it into plain English."

"Well, sir, they've either finished their ammunition or they've been silenced by the guns ashore. Shall I go aloft an' get a look at 'em?"

He swarmed up the main shroud far as the cross trees, then descended to the deck with a suddenness speed which astonished and alarmed Brereton.

"They're bowled out, I think. They've had their bellyful! There was a small flotilla got up near bridge—half-a-dozen of 'em. Three been sunk, an' the other three goin' to make a dash back for all they're worth. They're turnin'."

"But what about the guns on bridge and the Embankment exclaimed Brereton.

"I should say, sir," answered Gr "'at they've run short of ammunitio

"I suppose these torpedo-boats could be easily sunk?" asked Brereton eagerly.

"You could almost shove your through their sides, they're that thin Grigg answered. "An' they're ma in Germany."

"I say!" exclaimed Brereton citedly. "What about those gu yours in this ship?" He pointed the weapons on board the sloop. ticularly those on the port side, which the returning destroyers w have to steam on their way down river.

"The guns are all right, if we ammunition for 'em, sir," said Grig

"And is there none?" ask Brereton eagerly.

TOO MANY FRIENDS: A charming farmyard snapshot.

Photo, Brundl.

AN EARLY MORNING SCENE IN COVENT GARDEN: The pea-shellers, who are exceptionally busy just now.

Photo, Bassano.

THE LATEST PHOTO OF MISS CRISSIE BELL, a pretty little girl who is playing at the Vaudeville Theatre in "The Catch of the Season."

"Don't think so, sir," was the almost sad reply. "It's a pity—an awful pity. They'll be such a beautiful target as they go past, especially if they've used up all their own ammunition. But come on, lads, let's have a look."

The four sailors rushed below, and Brereton, Spence, Steel, and Wall watched spellbound as they returned to the deck, each man carrying a cartridge.

"Here's some grub for the twelve-pounder, sir," cried Grigg joyously. "It's a pretty fair armful, but we're all gunners. Now, lads, steady, there's three destroyers. If we don't hit 'em all in turn as they go past we ought to be hanged without a chance o' repentin'. We could do it with our eyes shut."

He led the way to the twelve-pounder quick-firing gun on the port side of the sloop.

The four soldiers on the poop watched in speechless fascination. They saw various swift, clean movements, which they did not understand, and observed the set faces of Grigg and the seamen gunners who were standing by the weapon. They were rather dark faces now, for each had several days' growth of beard upon it.

The three survivors of the flotilla of destroyers came down the river, and the soldiers on the poop, except Steel, marvelled to see them steaming along without sign of life on their decks. There were a few human forms, it is true, but they were motionless and lying amid blood and wreckage.

"Them 'at's steerin's in the connin'-towers for'ard, sir," explained Steel—"them little round places. Can you make 'em out?"

"Yes," whispered Brereton hoarsely, but he did not take his gaze from the seamen gunners at the quick-firer.

The first of the destroyers was almost alongside the sloop, stealing past. She was leading her consorts, and was heading for one of the arches of Blackfriars Bridge, to pass under it.

There was a flash and a roar from the sloop, such a sound as she had not made since the day when, dismasted and dismantled, she was brought up the river and under the bridges to her mooring-place; then a burst of wild cheering, for the shot had crashed through the frail hull of the stealthy ship, just under the water-line, and had buried itself deep in the bank of the river. The destroyer's steam steering-gear was shattered instantly, and her engines were smashed. In any case, the shot would have swiftly sunk her, disabled as her people were, but she held on, carried by her momentum until the bridge was reached, then, refusing to obey her helm, and with her interior almost full of water, she drove against one of the piers and crumpled up. She sank instantly, the tops of her funnels remaining above water.

"Now for number two, boys! Give it her!" roared Grigg, and they turned the gun round a little.

Again there was a flash and a crash, and the little ship was ripped and crippled just as the first had been. The people who were still pent up within them made no answer of any sort with any kind of weapon, for their ammunition, large and small, was utterly exhausted. And their fate so swiftly and unexpectedly overtook them that they could not even attempt to escape from it. There was not time for either thought or action.

It was all so sudden, so terrible, so overwhelming, that the entire tragedy had passed before Brereton could realise that the destroyers had sunk in a cluster within a stone's throw of the *Buzzard*.

He involuntarily clasped his hands over his eyes. When he removed them Grigg and the seamen gunners were standing near him on the poop.

"Them's what we might call three plumpers, sir!" said Grigg. "It's a bit o' fine target paintin'."

"Yes," agreed Brereton, with a feeling of something that was almost like faintness or sickness. "Yes, it's a fine work. You have mauled your targets badly."

"Might almost call it gettin' our own back, sir?" continued Grigg.

"Yes," agreed Brereton, in a louder voice. "But it's horrible—it's like butchery or murder."

"They'd ha' done the same to us, sir," answered Grigg, with a hard glitter in his eyes. "An' they have done it to a few of us already. What price the capture of the *Buzzard*, sir?"

"Yes," admitted Brereton, in yet louder tones. "Yes, they have done all that. Grigg!" he shouted, grasping the petty officer's grimy hand. "I congratulate you! They were magnificent shots—and they have helped to save a nation!"

He plucked his helmet from his head, waved it wildly, and led a cheer of triumph which rang north and south and east and west of that broad stream of commerce which had been converted into a river of blood.

A SET-BACK.

During the whole of the preliminary operations resulting from the invasion, or "raid," as some of the newspapers by this time called it, Captain Mahler and his brother officers had been ceaselessly busy. It was recognised on every hand that the enemy had engaged upon a task so desperate as to be in the nature of a forlorn hope, but the die had been cast and there was no solution except by way of victory.

The officer who was in supreme command of the invaders was a man of high rank and unflinching purpose, one who for many years had preached the overthrow of Great Britain as an economic necessity, and who was renowned for his bitter hatred of the English even amongst a people who excelled in that respect. But he was first and foremost a soldier, a man who based his work on the principle of blood and iron, and who had no regard whatever for a foe. A task had been given to him to accomplish, and no human consideration caused him to deviate from his purpose. He was the product of a ruthless military system, a monster in the form of man, a creature whose guiding motive was the lust of conquest and personal glory. No other nation except his own could have produced him. He was a man, too, who had insisted upon the rottenness of the British Army, and had found multitudes of eager believers amongst his own countrymen. Blindly confident in the military supremacy of his own nation, he had unflaggingly belittled his opponent, and now, exulting in the general success of the invasion, he was undisturbed by the set-back of the operations at Westminster.

This commander-in-chief, General Hasse, had personally directed the operations against the capital. They had been checked—for the present, that was all he would admit, even when, at a late hour, he was looking out upon that vast city which by this time he had hoped to have at his complete mercy. "Put London at my mercy for a day," he had declared, "and I will impose my own terms of peace! With the capital in my grip, the heart of the world in my power, the vaunted naval power of Britain is impotent. It can do nothing when once it has failed in the very essential of its *raison d'être*, which is to keep an enemy out of England. And I will take care that so far as I am concerned nothing shall be done to spoil or weaken our ultimate success. Now or never we must make ourselves the ruling nation of the earth!"

The German Ambassador and his staff had left the capital, and General Hasse was the most distinguished member of his nation remaining in England. With him alone rested the responsibility of deciding what should be done.

A map of the Thames within the county of London was spread open before him. Seated at his right, with his wounds roughly dressed—for he was not so badly injured as to be quite incapacitated—was Captain Mahler. Standing by Mahler was a German naval officer who was responsible for reporting to the General everything relating to the sea doings of the two Powers at war in so far as they were known. When the General had spoken Mahler and the naval officer exchanged significant glances, and the latter, by name Meyer, made as if he would speak. But Mahler restrained him. "Not for the present," he whispered. "Wait! Ill news is sometimes the better for keeping."

"Until to-day," observed the General, "all has gone brilliantly with us, and our plans have been carried out like programmes. That is well, and in accordance with our Imperial Master's wish. It is also what we have had prepared for many years. The great German nation employs only those methods which in the end ensure victory, however long the triumph may be delayed. We have command of the River Thames as far as——" he paused. He was about to say Westminster, but he observed instead "Blackfriars. There has been a repulse because of the unexpected arrival of British troops. They have fought well—but they are, of course, the flower of the British Army. Yes, they have fought well." He spoke in tones which, if they conveyed any meaning at all, indicated surprise.

"Yes," Mahler agreed, "they have fought well."

"Better, I imagine, than we have been led to suppose," said the General. "Our information on the point was faulty. And perhaps we assumed too much from South Africa. We condemned these people for underestimating their enemy in that country—and yet we have been led into the same mistake. When the war is over there will be inquiry into it, and those who have committed the error will be punished. They will be remembered also when our Imperial Master distributes his favours and rewards."

"Some are dead already, sir," remarked Mahler coldly.

"Then they have at least escaped a tarnished reputation," said General Hasse. "Now, sir, let us see how we stand." His eyes gleamed as he slowly drew a pencil along the sinuosities of the Thames from North Woolwich to Blackfriars. "Look at these docks and their vast wealth," he continued. "The Victoria and Albert, the East and West India, Milwall, the London and lesser docks on the north, and on the south the vast Surrey Commercial Docks. All these are ours, and the fleets of ships in the river are also ours—the river itself is held and commanded by us. And why?"

"Because," said Mahler, with an ugly smile, "these simple people have put the foreigner on the same footing as the Englishman, and have allowed him to qualify as a pilot in British waters. Our ships were brought entirely up the river, sir, without a single exception, by German officers who held certificates of proficiency issued by the Board of Trade. It would be incredible in any other country."

"That is partly the cause," continued the General; "but the secret of our success has been the suddenness of our descent. And the descent has been made possible largely because the people of this country were assured from the very highest quarter that such a thing as invasion was utterly out of the question. There can be no greater ally to a combatant than an opponent who earnestly assures his people that they have nothing to fear."

"Well, sir," said Mahler, "we are here. Dare I ask, sir, if you mean to stay?"

Mahler was a bold man, and greatly privileged because of the part he had taken in bringing the present state of things to pass; but even his glance fell and his courage quailed under the dispassionate look of his superior officer.

"I do not follow you, sir," said General Hasse sternly.

"Pardon my boldness, sir," Mahler went on. "It is due only to my intense love of my country and of my Imperial Master, and to the fact that I feared that after what has happened there might be a sudden disposition to abandon our glorious enterprise."

"You mean the slight check that we have suffered?" asked the General.

"That, sir, and the other," replied Mahler. Again he glanced at the naval officer, who was nervously rubbing his hands together.

There was an oppressive silence, in which the General looked from Mahler to Meyer and from Meyer to Mahler.

"Your injuries have unsettled your mind, sir," said the General coldly. "Or may I ask what you mean by 'the other'?"

"Is it possible, sir," asked Mahler, in astonishment, "that you have not heard of the other and far greater reverse which has most unhappily and unexpectedly befallen us?"

He watched the stern, unyielding face as he spoke, and imagined that he saw a flash of fear pass through the eyes.

"I am waiting," said the General simply.

"Well, then, sir," blurted Mahler, "we have triumphed on land, but we have suffered at sea."

"Ah!" exclaimed the General, in a long, deep sigh. "And you, sir, who appear to know more than your Commander-in-Chief, will please explain further."

Meyer stepped forward. He was hopelessly distressed and demoralised. "Sir," he began feebly, "I was about to fulfil my painful duty of telling you of this distressing——"

"Silence, sir!" thundered the General. "You have held your peace so long. You will speak again when I address you. Now, sir, continue." He resolutely confronted Mahler.

"Sir," said Mahler, "the opening naval battle, from which we expected so much, has been fought, and—and—our First Active Fleet exists no more!"

He watched the effect of the blow which he had struck; but even the face of the General scarcely gave a clue to the thoughts of his mind.

"This—this is true?" he demanded of the naval officer.

"Perfectly, sir," he was assured. "It is a catastrophe that not even the most far-seeing amongst us could have foretold, and is altogether due to one of those swift, combined blows which are only possible in the warfare of to-day. I came with my intelligence, sir, as soon as the rough report was in my possession. I could have told you earlier, but I waited for something stronger than mere rumour."

Again there was a pause. It was broken when the General said, "But we command the river from the mouth to the heart of London, and we are still able to enforce our terms. Under threat of reducing the capital to ashes, I shall submit a proposal of settlement."

"We have come up the river, sir," observed Mahler, ignoring the last remark. "Cannot the enemy do the same?"

"He cannot," answered the General, "except at a risk which he dare not take, for as we came up we mined the river so that no strange vessel dare attempt to follow. The position of the mines is known only to ourselves—and even we may blunder to our own destruction. But that is one of the risks of war—especially a war like this." He shrugged his shoulders. "It is imperative," he continued, "that in view of the disaster which has befallen our fleet we should make fresh plans. We are at least victorious in the north, and have that part of England at our mercy. Is that not so?"

Several of the officers who were present answered promptly and affirmatively.

"Well, then, gentlemen," continued the General, in an almost optimistic voice, "there is nothing that need discourage us. After all, our object has been accomplished, which was to gain a footing on British soil and in that way strike a blow at the very heart of the Empire. Compared with our triumph, our losses have been small. Our own force of soldiers is strong, and we can count on the Alien Army. Gentlemen, I will give you a toast—'Continued success to the invincible soldiers of the Fatherland'!"

(To be continued.)

Photo, Rapid.

THE LATEST PICTURE OF MISS MORYSS CLARK, who has suddenly leapt into prominence as one of the Gibson Girls in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville Theatre. Miss Clark is considered by many good judges of such matters the most beautiful girl now on the London stage.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I am filled with sadness every time I open a daily paper because there are so many thrilling stories in it of which we never hear anything except the opening chapters. Read this: "The *New York World* says that Mr. Simpson Gillett, a broker, who is reported to be worth three million dollars (£600,000), has been missing since June 8. His friends fear that his disappearance is due to foul play."

Here is another: "Despite occult influences brought to bear in the investigation, no solution has been found of the mystery attending the strange disappearance of a young American named Martin, who, when he comes of age in six months' time, will inherit a large fortune. Mr. Martin disappeared at the end of April, after visiting the West Pier, Brighton. The only clue—if such it can be called—as to what had become of him was a strange statement made by a young clairvoyant in Brighton, who said that during a seance she had a vision of Martin, bound and gagged in a richly-furnished room. The clairvoyant has held other seances, and the mother of the missing young man has joined in the mystic circle, but no fresh vision has been vouchsafed."

Now what has happened to those two men? Right in the centre of a busy civilisation, with detectives, police, and telephones all round them, these people have disappeared right off the face of the earth just as if we were in the middle of the sixteenth century. Think of all the exciting incidents a novelist might weave round the adventures of "The Kidnapped Millionaire!" and then shed a tear with me over the fact that we shall probably never hear the true facts of the story.

I am sorry that Colonel John Hay, the American Secretary of State, is dead. Colonel Hay had a very brilliant career as soldier, diplomat, lawyer, and author. He was entirely a self-made man. Somehow one does not associate poetry with a fighting man, but some of Colonel Hay's poems are almost as well known and liked in England as they are in his own country. Do you remember the story of "Jim Bludso," the blunt, every-day hero, who saved the passengers on the burning *Prairie Belle*? Here is his epitaph:

> A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
> And an awkward man in a row,
> But he never funked and he never lied,
> I reckon he never know'd how. . . .
>
> He weren't no saint—but at jedgement
> I'd run my chance with Jim,
> 'Longside with some pious gentleman
> That wouldn't shook hands with him.
> He'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
> And went for it thar and then;
> And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
> On a man that died for men.

You will find the rest of the poem in "Pike County Ballads." Get them and read them.

Colonel Hay's first important situation was as assistant private secretary to Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States. He had a very trying time of it because Mrs. Lincoln, who was a difficult person to get on with at the best of times, took a violent dislike to the young secretary and asked him to have his meals outside. This he refused to do, but offered to sit at a separate table, and did so.

There are many stories told about Mrs. Lincoln and the President. One which has just been revived in the papers tells how one day the President was unusually distraught. There had been a little domestic wrangle over the colour of a wall-paper. Mrs. Lincoln was determined to have yellow; the President was equally strong on green. The next morning he was quite cheerful, and the secretary ventured to suggest that the little affair had doubtless been settled to his satisfaction. "Oh, yes!" said Lincoln; "we've made a compromise—it's going to be yellow!"

I said last week that a man could be almost anything if he only made up his mind to work steadily with that one end in view. Can you imagine a short, delicate lad—one who would scarcely have passed the doctor nowadays for admission on to the *Britannia*—making up his mind to be a hero, *and doing it?* Nelson did that.

When Nelson first entered the Navy as a young boy he was sent to India and the climate so told upon his already delicate constitution that he had to be invalided home, almost at death's door. Nelson was ambitious, and this set-back almost broke his heart.

"I felt impressed," said he, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me and presented my King and country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, brave every danger.'"

Nelson had energy and determination and unbounded confidence in himself. So has nearly every American or German to-day. That is why they are taking all our trade away from us. Englishmen are mostly so frightened of making mistakes or of looking foolish that they never attempt anything at all.

Why is the average Englishman so lacking in that "inquisitiveness" which is the secret of so much of the success of the men of America and Germany? One meets scores of people every day who seem to have gone through life without ever having asked "why" or "what for" of themselves or anybody else. In nine cases out of ten they are ashamed to own their ignorance, and too lazy to remedy it.

This failing to make the most of things is as conspicuous in small matters as in big. I was in Sevenoaks on Sunday afternoon, and I took a walk in Knole Park. It was the first time I had been there. I asked four separate men if they could tell me how old Knole House was, and to whom it belonged. One gave me the name of the owner, but none of them knew anything of its history, although two of them admitted being residents in the neighbourhood. In the end I found all about the place in a book.

I have often thought of writing up a series of articles on "profitable lunch hours." Perhaps you can make out a list of your own? When you come to jot them down it will surprise you to find how many interesting and profitable things—besides feeding—it is possible to do during the luncheon-hour. And it is these odd half-hours that count. But if you make up your mind to try this, confine your pilgrimages or studies at first to two or three in a week. Otherwise you may tire of them.

Cultivate a good memory. No matter what your trade or profession may be you will find that time thus spent will be amply repaid. A good memory is quite an easy thing to acquire. Begin, if you like, by learning off small pieces of poetry by heart—just as you used to do at school. Then keep a note-book, and copy out the most striking passages in the newspapers and books you happen to be reading.

Don't cut your paragraphs out of the papers and paste them in the book. The copying will help to fix them in your memory. In a short time you will surprise yourself by remembering the greater part of quite long speeches or articles, though you may have only read them once.

I was led to make these remarks through an anecdote in a chapter of autobiography by Miss Marion Terry which I had been reading in last week's *M.A.P.* Miss Marion Terry was once staying with some friends at Windermere when she received a telegram from Sir Henry Irving saying that her sister Ellen was ill, and would she take her place in "Twelfth Night" on Monday. The message was received late on Saturday.

Miss Terry answered "Yes," and then, to her dismay, found there was not a Shakespeare in the house! She says, "One was eventually procured from a neighbour, and I burnt the midnight oil over it. Next day being Sunday, the train service was naturally limited, and I had to start early, arriving in London at five o'clock in the morning, and having been unable either to sleep or to study. My brother Fred met me, and over coffee coached me in my part, and then I went off to bed for a much-needed rest. When I got to the theatre for rehearsal I was unable to remember a line. Sir Henry was naturally much perturbed, and told me to read my part. 'No,' I said, 'I won't read it, I'll get through it somehow;' and with the assistance of the prompter I stumbled on until gradually the lines came back to me; and, to bring the incident to a triumphant conclusion, I went through the performance at night without a single mistake." Not many people could learn the whole of an important Shakespearian part, with the cues and business, in two days.

A good memory is almost, if not quite, as essential to a politician as to an actor. It is said that Mr. Chamberlain has the finest memory among all living statesmen, second only in modern times to that of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain's greatest feat was when he was introducing a certain Bill in Parliament with a two-hours' speech. He had had prepared for him a series of the most complicated statistics relating to the bankruptcies of the previous ten years, but when he came to that part of his speech and he wanted to quote from it, the table was missing. He faced the situation with an astounding confidence in his memory, for it is said that he had only gone over all the figures once, and there were hundreds of them. Yet it would not do to show any hesitation, or let the House see that he was speaking from memory.

So he quietly picked up a piece of paper which was lying before him, and appeared to read off the statistics from beginning to end, though they were not on it. When the speech was over and he had found the missing paper, it was discovered that it corresponded in the smallest details with the figures which the right hon. gentleman had called upon his memory for on the spur of the moment.

There was a good story last week in an evening paper. A Sussex father, whose son had just started working at a shop in London, was desirous of gaining some knowledge of the place, and wrote to the shopkeeper asking where the lad slept. In a few days came the answer: "Your son sleeps in the shop in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps at night." Do you sleep in the day-time?

There are two very interesting anecdotes of Peter the Great in a little book which I have just been reading. In parenthesis I may mention that it was published quite a long time ago, and cost a penny at a second-hand bookstall. It is possible to pick up a lot of useful books at a penny or twopence.

I will repeat one of the anecdotes because it is *à propos* of a statement in a daily paper last week that the present season has been a bad one for the legal profession. Peter the Great was taken, whilst in England, to see Westminster Hall, where the Courts of Law were then held. He asked what all the men in big wigs and black robes were doing, and was told that they were lawyers. "Lawyers," he exclaimed in surprise—"why I have only two in all my dominions, and I think I shall hang one when I return there!"

I will repeat the second anecdote because it is so very characteristic of the man. And there is a moral to it. Peter the Great bought the King of England a gift of an unpolished ruby which was valued at ten thousand pounds. Peter thought little of external appearance, so he carried the precious jewel in his waistcoat pocket to His Majesty, and handed it to him wrapped up in a bit of brown paper! He thought a ruby was a ruby, though unpolished, and worth as much in a piece of brown paper as in a delicate jewel case.

In spite of the shoals of letters which I have already received, there must be some thousands of my readers who have not yet written to me. If you are one of these, will you please send me a postcard this week, letting me know just what features you like best in the paper. Are you interested in the Farm and Garden feature which has just been enlarged? Do you like these new Editorial Notes? If you want more news, pictures, or more sport, more theatrical pictures, more serial story, or less of any of these, just say so. Do you like Mr. Walter Wood's thrilling serial story? Are you entering for our competition?

You will see that there are really a lot of things I want to know, so please write to me. Remember that I do my best each week to give you a paper of which every single line shall be interesting. I think that it is only fair that you should, on your part, just drop me a postcard to let me know if it pleases you.

But quite apart from any assistance you may give me, I am always glad to hear from any of my readers at any time. If you think you have any snapshots of your own taking which would be suitable for the paper, send them along, and I will pay you for them. If there is anything you want to know and can't find it in any reference books you have handy, write to me, and I will endeavour to answer your questions in the columns of the paper.

VALENTIA STEER.

"But rest, alas! came not me,
Because of that confounded flea."

The author of this dreary plaint had forgotten his KEATING'S POWDER—the unrivalled secret for killing Fleas, Bugs, Beetles, also Nits in Children's Heads. Harmless to everything but insects. Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

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If any reader thinks sufficiently well of the Penny Illustrated Paper to justify him or her assisting the Editor by distributing a few specimen copies, a post-card should be sent to the Distribution Department, Penny Illustrated Paper, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., giving the name and address of the applicant and stating the number of copies which he or she could distribute.

A prize of Ten Shillings will be paid each week to the person who disposes of these copies in the manner which the Editor considers to be of the greatest benefit to the paper.

THE SILHOUETTE COMPETITION.

In this competition two Nottingham readers have tied for first place, each of them having succeeded in correctly naming all of the portraits except two. The prize of a motor-bicycle has accordingly been awarded to them.

Their names are:

Mr. Arthur Gill, 5 Clarendon Street, Nottingham; Mr. W. H. Thraves, 15 Burns Street, Nottingham.

Consolation gifts have been presented to:

Mr. F. Youngman, 91 St Ann's Road, Tottenham; Miss Rose Williams, Redlands, Colinette Road, Putney; Mr. W. H. Walker, 99 St. James' Street, Brighton; Mr. Alfred Harry Jenkins, High Street, Portishead, Bristol; Mr. Henry Chessell, 61 Ashton New Road, Beswick, Manchester; Mr. A. Mallet, 78 Webb's Road, Clapham Junction; Mr. Fred. Kinch, 29 Park Road, West Dulwich; Mr. Edgar Brown, 2 Berwick Street, Victoria, S.W.

The silhouette portraits which we gave in this competition were:

(1) Miss Camille Clifford; (2) Sir Henry Irving; (3) Dr. W. G. Grace; (4) "Little Tich"; (5) Miss Gertrude Glynn; (6) Miss Marie Hall; (7) Mr. Beerbohm Tree; (8) Miss Marie Studholme; (9) Mr. J. H. Martin; (10) Miss Ellaline Terriss; (11) Miss Pauline Chase; (12) Miss Adelaide Genée; (13) Miss Marie Dainton; (14) Miss Marie Dainton; (15) Master Florizel Von Reuter; (16) Mr. Hackensmidt.

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Excellent Pennyworth

Here are some of the Contents of the current SMITH'S WEEKLY.

Learn Something Each Day.
A page of useful information which every man should acquire.

Hurrah for Henley!
About the great regatta on the Thames, its delights, its fun, and its fashionable crowds.

The Secrets of Success.
Advice to the man who runs a business.

An Annual Holiday Slaughter.
Independence Day as a pagan holiday in the United States of America.

My 60,000 Waifs.
A specially signed article written by Dr. T. J. Barnardo.

Finger-posts to Knowledge.
Victor Hugo, the man and his work.

"SMITH'S WEEKLY."
OUT EVERY TUESDAY. One Penny.

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the third set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.

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Name .....

Address .....

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"P.I.P." July 8, 1905.

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TRADE	1/- per line of 8 words.

Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "P.I.P.," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Monday morning for the following Friday's Issue.

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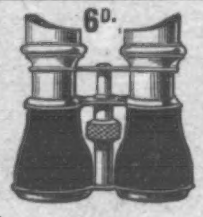

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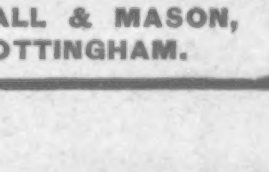

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Finger-Posts to Knowledge.
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